Saturday Night

March 14, 1953 • 10 Cents

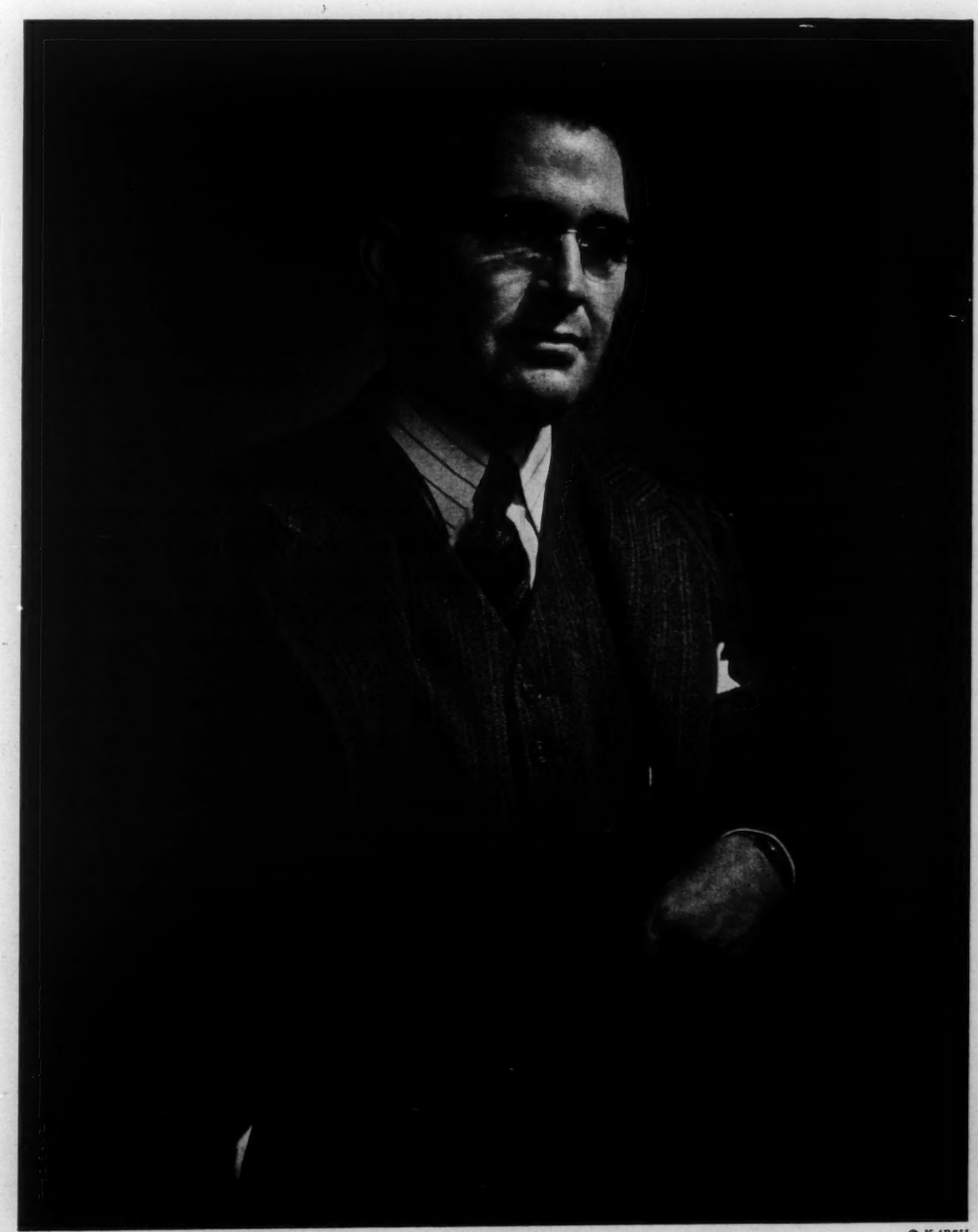
The Front Page

Dear Ronald Power:

We know that this letter to you in no way makes up for the seven months you spent in prison for a crime you did not commit, but we wanted you to understand that not all your fellow men are so lacking in conscience that they can let you go your way with a bland "so sorry."

There are many of us who feel shamed by the nerveless way in which Attorney-General Porter of Ontario hid behind existing law when he said there was no provision for compensation in such cases as yours, and added that it was a matter for the federal authorities. Of course it is a matter for the federal authorities; but it is just as much the concern of the Attorney-General of Ontario, and of every person appointed to administer justice and of every man and woman who has the right to expect justice within and without the law.

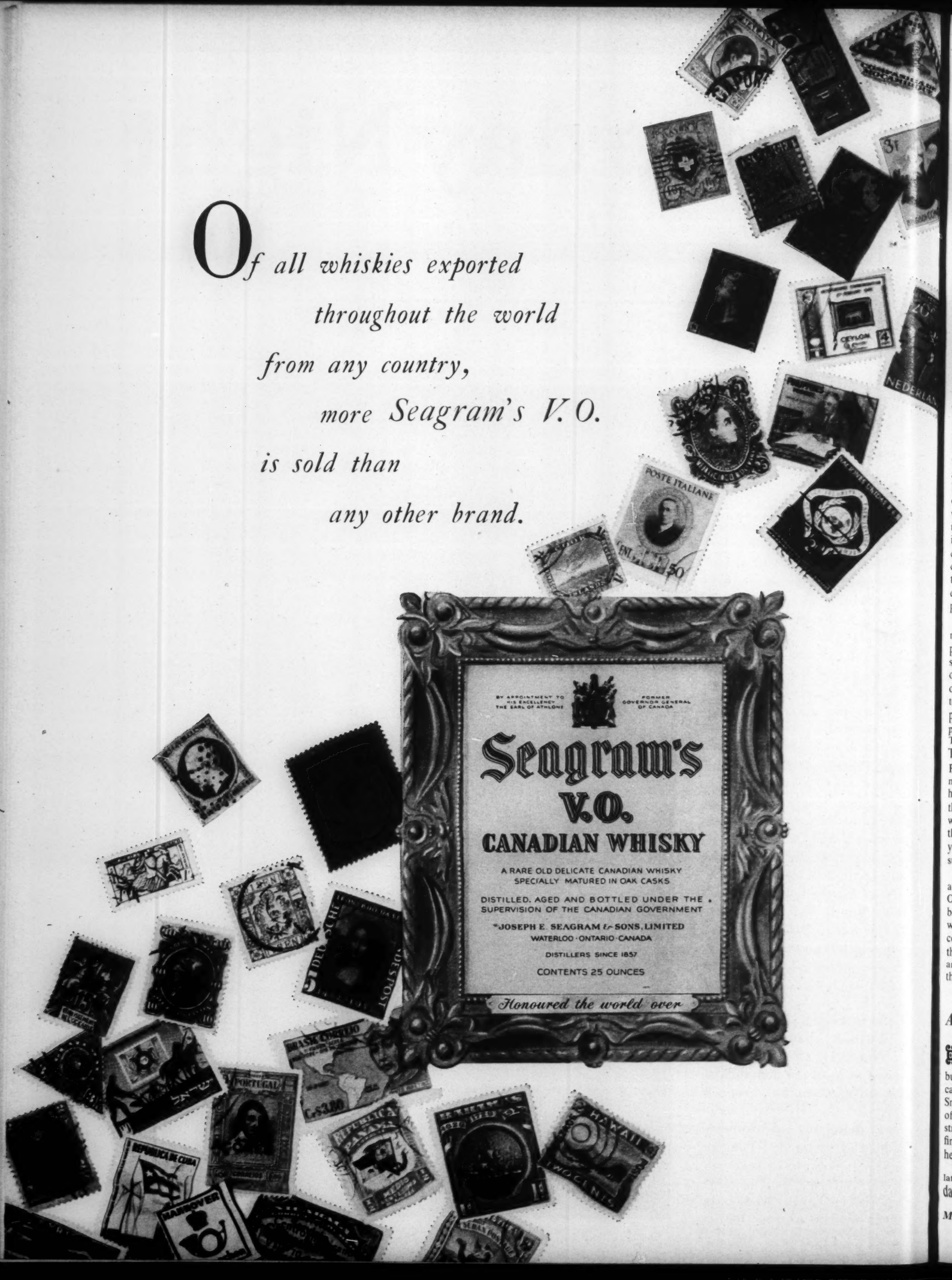
The Attorney-General failed to meet the demands of his office when he shrugged off your case. He would have been doing his job properly if he had declared: "You, an innocent man, have been unjustly imprisoned. The state has taken away from you seven months of your life; it



—© KARSH

SOLON LOW, leader of the Federal Social Credit Party. *(Page Seven)*

Of all whiskies exported throughout the world from any country, more Seagram's V.O. is sold than any other brand.


BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ATHLONE
FORMER GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A RARE OLD DELICATE CANADIAN WHISKY SPECIALLY MATURED IN OAK CASKS
DISTILLED, AGED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA
DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
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Honoured the world over
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HANOVER
HAWAII

The Front Page

has deprived you of your liberty, your work and your good name. For this very grievous offence against you, the state must make proper amends."

Then Attorney-General Porter should have said: "I propose to take immediate action to see that you are compensated for your losses, as far as it is possible to compensate an innocent man for the mental and physical indignities of appearing as an accused person, being found guilty of a crime he did not commit, and being held prisoner for months in a jail. In your case, the state is guilty and the state must pay; and the law must be so adjusted that in future there will be no question of the state's obligation in such a matter."

But the Attorney-General did not make any such statement. He evaded his responsibility and pushed it on to somebody else, and because of that all of us must carry some shame. The law moves ponderously and each step costs money; it may be that you would rather forget about this injustice than start the expensive process of testing the conscience of the law. But we cannot forget about it, because your case can be repeated in the years to come and we are not cynical enough to say "Well, it doesn't happen often." Once is too often.

We believe the law must be changed now, so that a man unjustly imprisoned can get immediate compensation from the state (or the Crown or whatever name we use) for its offence against him, without having to go through a long and costly legal process. The state, according to its present laws, condones its own offence. This injustice cannot be tolerated. The state must say: "We have erred. For this we will pay you all the money you would have earned if you had not been in prison; we will see that you are properly employed; we will also fine ourselves, and pay you that fine, in an effort to compensate you for the indignity we made you suffer."

So do not judge all of us by the action of the Attorney-General of Ontario. There are many of us who believe that law is not something which gives a politician protective coloring, but a force to be used for the greater good of the community and all the individuals who make up the community.

Adventure in a Bus

OUR RESPECTS go this week to John N. Snay, who drives a school bus in Detroit. After 24 years of careful, impersonal bus driving, Mr. Snay one day recently took his load of students on a wild ride up one street and down another, stopping finally back at the high school, where he told his passengers to walk home.

"I just got fed up," Mr. Snay said, later. "It was the same thing every day — a bunch of clowns, pulling the bell rope, running up and down the aisles."

From now on, we shall board buses with a sense of adventure, hoping a little that the driver, fed up with the same thing every day, may yield to his better impulses and take out for faraway places with strange sounding names.

Holmes in Tights!

CANADIANS have been getting more and more opportunities recently to look at home-grown ballet dancers, and several persons (who have a properly knowing air about them when they talk about such things as the ballet) have assured us that this is a very good thing for culture in Canada. It may be so; and perhaps it is some cultural inadequacy which makes us prefer to watch athletic young men and women leap about on grass or ice than on oddly draped stages. But of one thing we are certain: the ballet people should stick to their own world of fantasy, with its swans and fauns and such things, and stop messing about with characters who would never, never express their feelings in *arabesques* or an *échappe*.

This certainty comes after seeing pictures of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in a ballet staged in London by the Sadler's Wells Company. The proud Holmes in tights! The solid, proper Dr. Watson leaping and twirling madly about a stage!

It was Holmes himself who said, "There is but one step from the grotesque to the horrible." The ballet people are on the verge of taking that step; let them stop this shocking business before it spreads to other places.

Perhaps we can set up a sort of quarantine here in Canada, or there may be some way of inoculating our ballet dancers against such goings-on. Stern measures are required, if we are not to be haunted by thoughts of the great detective pursuing the evil Moriarty between pirouettes and posturings.

Not Really Confused

WE HAVE had a great fondness for beds for some time now, probably because we get to them too late and leave them too early. It was with more than ordinary expectation, then, we looked forward to seeing Jessica Tandy and her husband Hume Cronyn demonstrate how a whole play could take place in and around a bed. As several thousand Canadians know by this time, the charming Cronyns put on this demonstration with great skill and warmth in Jan de Hartog's *The Four-Poster*.

Mr. Cronyn took time off from his acting in Toronto to describe himself as a "confused liberal", then proceeded to show he was not confused at all by saying such bright things as: "The effort is to please everybody lest we lose one sale of junior's favorite breakfast food," and "the more broad our means of expression, the narrower our opinion."

The 42-year-old native of London, Ontario, does not look much like an actor off-stage. He is not tall (5 feet 9 inches) and thin at 135 pounds, and his features, while strong and mobile, could not be called handsome. But he moves through a luncheon talk or an interview with the same deft sureness of phrase and motion that make his stage work distinctive. Like most others in his profession, he knows how to handle a sentence; perhaps his schooling at Ridley College and McGill University has something to do with his knowing what to put into the sentence beside elocution.

When he said that in the American theatre (and he used that word to cover stage, films, radio and TV) "we have to play the part of Little Red Riding Hood" because people are "haunted by the spectre of controversy," he was not speaking as a casual onlooker. He has acted in such stage plays as *High Tor, Three Men on a Horse, Boy Meets Girl, Mr. Big,* and *The Survivors;* in such films as *Cross of Lorraine, Lifeboat, Main Street, A Letter for Evie, Brute Force* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice;* and directed the plays *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* and *Hilda Crane*.

Mr. Cronyn and his delightful wife are doing a great deal of travelling with *The Four-Poster*. They left New York with the play when it was still a sell-out, because they felt the experience would be rewarding. The people in the cities they visit agree heartily with them. And we hope Mr. Cronyn goes on talking like a "confused liberal."

Moulin

MR. AND MRS. HUME CRONYN: A rewarding experience.

Different Versions

A PERSON who reads both Toronto's evening newspapers gets an odd view of much of the day's news; it is something like trying to look at the world outside through a window covered with the designs of a demented cubist. The day following the presentation of the recent federal budget, for example, both the *Star* and *Telegram* carried reports on the reaction of various labor leaders to what Mr. Abbott had announced. The *Star* headline was "Step in Right Path Good Election Budget Labor Leaders Say"; the *Telegram's*, "Buying Votes With People's Pennies, Labor View."

The way the two papers handled what the labor leaders had to say was curiously at variance. In the *Star*, Ford Brand, vice-president of the Toronto and District Trades and Labor Council, was reported thus: "'It's a good budget for an election year' . . . pointing out that the 11 per cent reduction in personal income tax balanced off the concessions made to corporations." In the *Telegram*, the same man was quoted: "It's a good budget for an election year . . . It helps the corporations, who will provide funds for the Liberals' election campaign and at the same time buys the votes of the little fellow with a few cents reduction in his income tax."

The *Star*: "Mr. Abbott's budget was a 'fair consideration' of demands for lower taxes and other improvements, said J. D. Buchanan, business agent for the AFL Milk Drivers' Union." The *Telegram*: "John Buchanan, business agent, Milk Drivers' Union: 'I can't understand why the Government is so liberal to big business. No doubt some of the savings to big business will be poured back into the Liberal machine during the next election campaign.'"

It was obvious that the newspapers once again were fitting their "news" to their own political loyalties, a procedure which may give them some satisfaction but which does nothing to promote the idea that news should be reported accurately and without bias.

Plenty of Scope

IN THE STATE Legislature of North Dakota has banned the sale of candy cigarettes because they might encourage juveniles to try tobacco.

We wonder why the legislators stopped there, when there are so many other things they could have banned on the ground of possible evil influence. Baby bottles, for example,

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could put infants on the road to alcoholism; learning how to read might be the first step toward perusal of Das Kapital; arithmetic is bad because it might be used to juggle accounts and falsify income tax returns.

No doubt about it; the legislators could find all sorts of things to ban, beside candy cigarettes, if they put their minds to it.

Clumsy and Cynical

MUCH OF the glitter has rubbed off the latest Federal budget by this time, revealing the clumsiness of its effort to give everyone a crumb from the Government table and the cynicism of its pre-election bribery.

The shallowness of the thinking that went into the budget is shown in its arrangement of reductions in the income tax. A married man with two dependents, who earns $3,000 a year, will pay $4 less this year; a married man with no dependents and the same pay will save $5; a single man earning the same amount will save $12. And the more you earn, the more you save, which might be an incentive were it not that you must earn at least $10,000 a year before getting any appreciable tax relief—on $10,000 you pay $166 less this year.

Finance Minister Abbott said he was able to cut taxes because Canadians had been working harder and producing more. Good for us! We must have buckled down to the job in fine fashion during the last few months, because only last Fall Mr. Abbott was telling us we would have to boost our production a great deal if we expected him to do anything about lowering tax levels. There may have been a spurt in output apparent to Mr. Abbott, but it is likely he was looking at his figures through an election-year magnifying glass.

The Government seems to hold a strong opinion that when it removes little nuisances, people are happy enough to forget about their big worries. The radio licence has been an irritation for a long time, and now it is gone; cigarettes are a little cheaper; and we can save several dollars a year because our cheques do not require stamps. These things are supposed to give us such a feeling of new-found freedom that we will not bother with the petty accounting of our profit and loss; last year, for example, we paid $6 million for our radio licences, but now the CBC may get $12 million from the taxes we pay.

Mr. Abbott's financial gymnastics are designed to keep us amused for a few months. Things will settle down after the general election, when we will be able to look forward to another budget, which will be presented with more frowns than smiles. By then, times will be difficult again; we will be told we must increase our production to pay for all the expenses we are incurring; there will be big black clouds on the international horizon, and all sorts of economic dangers will make it necessary for the Government to collect more money from us. All in all, the outlook again will not be too bright—until just before the next election.

Utilitarian Approach

WE ARE disturbed by a news dispatch from Redwood City, California, which says that female cheer leaders have been voted out at Sequoia high school. The student council decided that the girls did not understand football and led cheers at the wrong time.

This is a dangerously utilitarian approach to the business of football, and the suggestion that the protrusive and agile young women who bounce around the sidelines should understand what is being done on the field may well be subversive.

Art and Understanding

WHEN CHILDREN are born, they are part of the family of humanity; not until they have had their minds informed, their attitudes moulded and their prejudices nourished by church, school and home do they become Canadians or Russians or Brazilians. While they are still individuals, before their society has succeeded in making them conform, their interests are much the same wherever they may live.

Charcoal Portrait

The people who look after the Junior Red Cross International Art School Program have found that children up to the age of 10 express themselves in much the same way whether they live in Newfoundland or Argentina, but as they grow older their drawings take on more and more of the characteristics of their country. With this established, Red Cross officials believe that their Art Program can be a strong force for better understanding between peoples. The friendliness of childhood can be prolonged into the adult years.

Most of us think of the Red Cross (now conducting its annual campaign for funds) as an agency which strives to lessen the tragedy of disaster, from helping people whose homes have been burned to keeping an eye on how prisoners of war are treated. But the Red Cross has other activities as varied in interest as the Art Program and the promotion of "water safety." Of these, possibly the Art Program has had the least publicity.

Since the Program was started in Canada in 1949 (it originated with the American Junior Red Cross in 1948), 2,292 pictures have been received from 36 different countries and 2,240 by Canadian children have been sent abroad. The pictures range from the daubs of six-year-olds to the skilled work of senior students. Each is the original work of a school child and each depicts some aspect of life in the child's own country. The fine charcoal portrait of a Filipino fisherman which illustrates this column was done by 18-year-old Chua Ki Tian of the Chiang Kai-shek High School in Manila. Canadian children show a fondness for action pictures with titles like "We Play Hockey" and "Our School Dance."

Election Fogginess

WITH A federal election in the offing, the Gallup Poll people are busy asking Canadians what they think about the various political parties and their policies. The only clear results obtained so far show that about half the citizens questioned cannot think of any reason why they should vote for any particular party. We can assume that these citizens are just as indefinite about *not* voting for any party.

This is the sort of fogginess that makes life difficult for the men who make surveys of public opinion and try to predict what the results of an election will be. But it should cheer the politicians, who are at their best when their constituents are in a fog; they will be able to knock together some platforms which would look pretty raw and clumsy on a clear day.

High Commissioner

ARTHUR IRWIN, who recently was appointed Canada's High Commissioner to Australia, is one of the quiet men. He is quiet in manner, speech and style of dress, but it would be a sad mistake for anyone to get the impression from this that he is an easy subject for a fast shove; his opinions are definite and strong, and he can express them in words that leave no doubt about his meaning.

His ability to think clearly and act firmly was what the Government wanted in February, 1950, when it asked him to quit his job as magazine editor and take over as Film Commissioner. It was no offer of a sinecure; the National Film Board was in a sorry mess, the target of suspicion and criticism after attracting a great deal of unfavorable publicity. Mr. Irwin took it as a challenge. Whatever one may think of the fundamental idea of a Film Board, one cannot deny that Mr. Irwin straightened out the affairs of the NFB, restored most of the public confidence it had lost and organized its staff well enough for the production of documentaries which have won applause in many places outside Canada.

He is not an extrovert, and it may be a little while before the Australians get to know him well. When they do, they will find this grey-haired, balding Canadian a man with a wide range of interests—from bird-watching to painting, as an amateur. The people

© *Karsh*

Arthur Irwin

of the press will find him one of their own, and so will the economists and government administrators; he went to the Universities of Manitoba and Toronto, graduating with a degree in Political Science in 1921, then worked as a reporter on the old *Toronto Mail and Empire* and the *Toronto Globe*.

Once he wrote an ice ballet, *The Machine*. He has been a soldier (First World War) and a delegate to such affairs as the Commonwealth Conference in London in 1945 and the UN Freedom of Information sessions in Geneva in 1948. He is 55 years old now (born in Ayr, Ontario) and a grandfather, but the years have not burdened his 5-foot 9-inch figure or dulled his enthusiasms. He will look quietly at the Australians through his horn-rimmed glasses, and when they look back at him they will see a man whose sharp mind is controlled by a well-developed sense of what is right and what is wrong.

Personal

A FINE analytical study of Social Credit has been completed by John A. Irving, member of SATURDAY NIGHT's editorial board. The first of his articles, outlining the birth and doctrine of Social Credit, appears on page 7. Later he will deal with its growth and political strength. Professor Irving, who is also Chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Victoria College, University of Toronto, and author of the recently published book, *Science and Values*, has been a close observer of the Social Credit movement from its earliest days in Alberta, two decades ago.

Letters

Not Foreigners

MARY LOWREY ROSS talks about movies from Hollywood and then places British films in the foreign class. I am a fifth generation Canadian but resent classing the British as foreigners. I do not think there is a country in the world that spreads so much propaganda for a foreign country as we in Canada do on our radio and in our newspapers and magazines for the U.S. There are many in the U.S. who think we should belong to them and we help spread that propaganda.

Hollyburn, B.C. K. C. MACKAY

Oil Valuation

W. P. SNEAD'S article in your issue of February 14, "The Broad Outlook for Western Oil," in so far as it deals with Imperial Oil, introduces for purposes of valuation of oil reserves of that company the 39.4 cents valuation used by Standard Oil of New Jersey. This figure is used by Standard for valuing world-wide reserves which are subject to local laws and currencies, and world marketing conditions.

Oil reserves in Canada are generally valued at $1.00 per barrel and your acceptance of this figure may be found in replies to enquiries about Asher Oil and Bata in "Gold and Dross" column of your issue of February 21.

Using the $1.00 per barrel valuation adds $15.00 per share to Mr. Snead's value of Imperial stock, which if his other figures are accepted gives "a round figure estimate" of $39.50 per share . . .

Mr. Snead's estimate of Imperial dividends of "80 cents per share for the next few years" may or may not be a correct guess. It is quite possible time will prove his estimate too conservative . . .

Vancouver D. McL. ANDERSON

Harps Have Vanished

WHILE I APPRECIATE the necessity for a little blarney in these harshly realistic days, Mr. Durnin should have been as careful as he was interesting in his (Feb. 7), article, "Ireland's First Home-coming."

Who has heard "the witchery of an Irish harp before the hearth of a thatched cottage"?

Harp playing in Ireland is today—and has been for a great many yesterdays—confined to orchestras and music festivals, etc.

South Burnaby, B.C. W. K. O'LEARY

Pressures and Mr. Howe

AS A reader of SATURDAY NIGHT from boyhood, I congratulate you on recent improvements in the paper. I also am an admirer of J. A. Stevenson as a writer and was glad to note his appearance in your columns as Ottawa correspondent.

But I was astonished and indignant that Mr. Stevenson (Feb. 28) should support the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe in his attack on a private citizen for daring to lay the problems of his industry before a minister of the Crown. Indeed, Mr. Stevenson went farther than did Mr. Howe, who was safely, though wrongly, using his right of immunity as an MP.

Mr. Howe's grievance against the head of the largest sugar company appears to be that his sleep while in South America was disturbed by messages from various persons asking that he do something about the threat facing the sugar-beet industry.

To whom other than Mr. Howe, the man who has absolute power over every kind of business, could the worried people appeal?

Mr. Howe does not tell the public of pressure or influence used on him by Cuban sugar interests and their hired Canadian representative. Was there none?

I suggest that you and Mr. Stevenson should have read Mr. McGregor's statement.

At present market value, I have an investment of $2,380 in the company, which perhaps does not classify me as a bloated capitalist.

Toronto. WILLIAM MORRIS

Sunny Saint John

THE ARTICLE by Hugh Garner on our Canadian weather (Feb. 21) is extremely interesting. However, Saint John, New Brunswick, receives only brief mention despite the fact that during the winter months, December, January, February and March there are more hours of sunshine in Saint John than in any other city in Canada.

Rothesay, N.B. J. ROYDEN THOMSON

Science and Humanity

YOUR READERS will be gratified to see more articles by Edmund S. Carpenter in SATURDAY NIGHT. They are reading matter which makes one wish not to miss an issue of your weekly, in expectation of sane and educative analysis of our present conditions, as, for example, the one in February 21 issue, "Science Must Be Free to Serve Humanity".

Mr. Carpenter in one place says: "For ours *was* not only democracy . . ." I emphasize "was", for it really was when I came to this country about half a century ago. But look at us now.

Social sciences and humanities, the backbone of democracy, became a wishbone and the dreams and demands of contemporary Babbits—who are not unlike the late Sinclair Lewis's Babbits, but hatted with brass instead of felt hats—dominate every other aspect of our lives, though we are supposed to lead the world to PEACE!

If we continue to act as we have done for the past few years, talking peace and acting war, there will be no need of any scientific research, all we shall require will be more and bigger mental hospitals, the need of which we, in the Province of Quebec, *already* begin to feel . . .

Montreal. LOUIS KON

. . . DESPITE the pertinence of much of the detail of Mr. Carpenter's article on the present status of science, it is vitiated by his having made two distinct assumptions as to the value of science, and made them almost in the same breath. On the one hand, he insists that free enquiry, the scientific outlook, is needed because it will provide socially useful knowledge. On the other hand, he sustains this view, with the aid of Milton, by stating that the purpose of free enquiry is to give Truth a chance of winning out. Not only does this latter view not sustain the former, it may even be incompatible with it. Have we, for example, any guarantee that Truth, if known, might not be socially disastrous instead of being socially useful? . . .

Toronto BERNARD WAND

. . . EDMUND CARPENTER may be a professor, but he is also a sadly confused man. Science has the job of serving the people; the people can be translated to mean the Government; and if the Government thinks science can help with immediate problems, then that is what science should do . . . Let him come out of his ivory tower and take a close look at the real problem of today: the survival of free nations in a struggle against the despotism which is Communism. There is no point in talking about academic freedom if the people who cherish it are destroyed . . .

Saskatoon FRASER CANFIELD

. . . CARPENTER SAYS what has needed saying . . . Governments are restricting free research more and more . . . I believe the same thing could be said of many large foundations which give great sums of money to groups of scientists for research on specific problems. The scientists, just like the rest of us, must have complete freedom . . .

Windsor, Ont. J. L. BRISEBOIS

Wrong Brother

I THINK the followers of Sunday at Eight on CBLT will be startled to discover that, according to Mr. Anthony West's Letter from New York (Feb 14) their host on the program is one of the "journalistic tigers" of the muckraking days "when reporting was reporting in the United States."

Mr. West has confused me with my brother George. Although he actually began his newspaper work when the muckraking period was coming to an end, he has always been a tiger at his job and has the honor of having been expelled from Italy for being the only correspondent to connect Mussolini with the murder of Matteotti. He was also expelled from the Soviet Union and a few of its satellites for telling the truth about various shenanigans there.

I was never much good as a reporter, my field being those entertainments which I christened "the lively arts"—and it is in connection with them that I have the pleasure of coming to Toronto for my weekends.

New York City GILBERT SELDES

Defence and Aggression

WILSON WOODSIDE'S article on "Now We Begin Political Warfare" in the Feb. 21 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT seems to be lacking in his usual logic. In effect, he says since resistance to Communist aggression in Iran, Turkey and Greece, the Berlin airlift and the battle at the Yalu river did not lead to global war, why should we fear that the recent pronouncement freeing Chinese Nationalists for attacks on the Red mainland will do so?

There is a distinct difference between resisting aggression as such, and making a pronouncement which, at least by implication, encourages attacks on the mainland of China. The question immediately arises, where does defence end and aggression begin? How do we know that history will not disapprove of our interference in Korea to begin with? . . .

Westmount, Que. GORDON LAIRD

Congratulations

AT A RECENT meeting of the Toronto Diocesan Council for Social Service of the Church of England the following motion was unanimously adopted:

"That this Council records its appreciation of the lead article appearing in SATURDAY NIGHT December 6, 1952 by Hugh Keenleyside entitled Is Military Defence Enough?

"And that we so advise Mr. Keenleyside and that we commend the staff of SATURDAY NIGHT for its wisdom in carrying such an article."

Toronto (REV.) M. P. WILKINSON
Executive Secretary

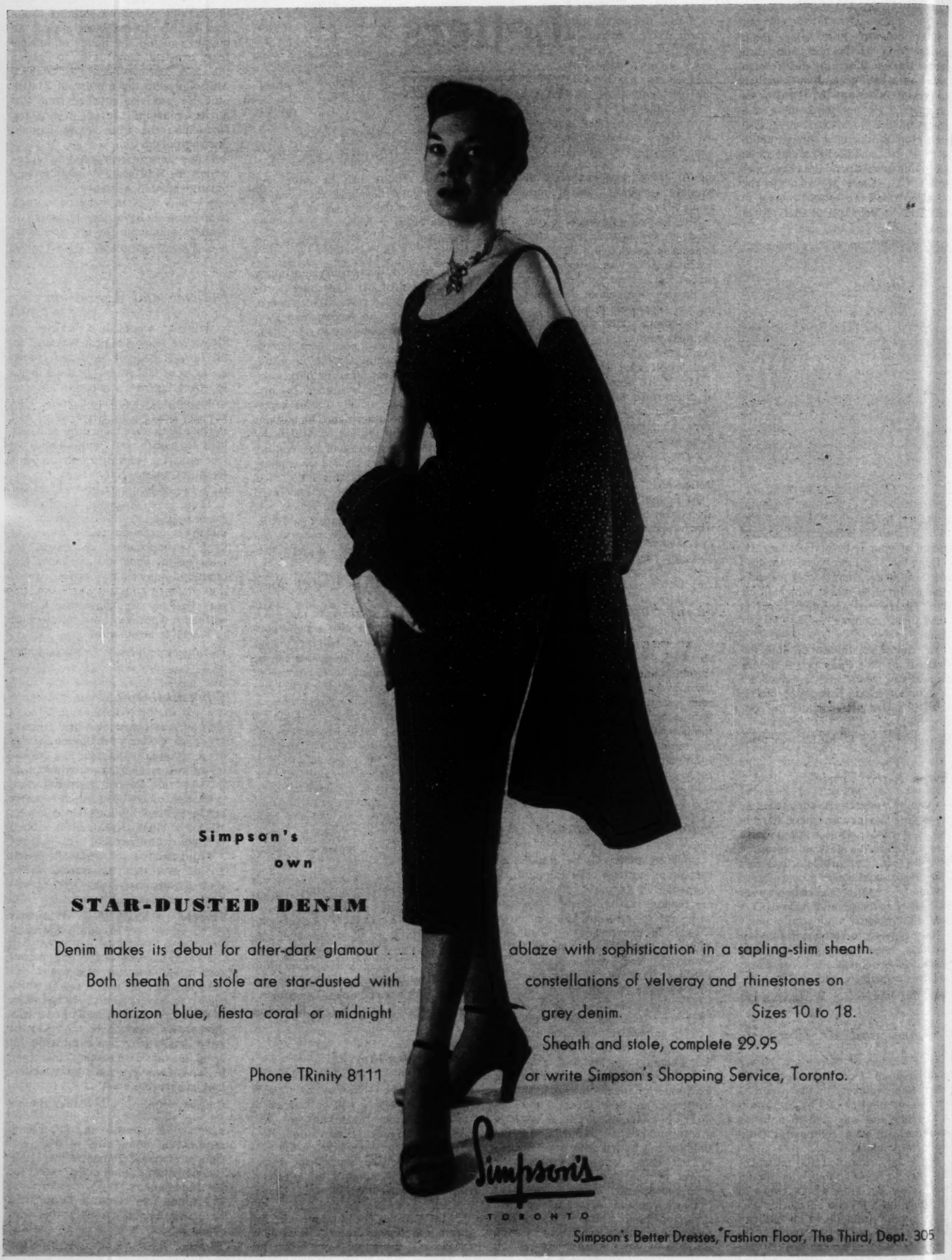
MAY I CONGRATULATE the person responsible for the appearance of "Conversation Pieces" (Feb. 7) which seems to say so much in so little. In these days the tendency of our daily newspapers seems to be to repeat the same details over and over again. It is all the more refreshing, therefore, to have facts presented so concisely and attractively.

Calgary, Alta. MARY SIBLEY

"GOLD & DROSS", an old friend, returned in your issue of Feb. 21. Congratulations. From 1910 to 1953 is a long time and is the extent of my acquaintance.

Trusting that "Gold & Dross" will be as sensible as it used to be, with sound advice.

Victoria, B.C. A. J. GRAY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Social Credit: Prophet and the Doctrine

By JOHN A. IRVING

Imperial Oil

***WHEN** the Great Depression hit Alberta's farmers, Social Credit was born. Later, the lusty infant prospered on the rich revenues which flowed from the newly-discovered oil fields. Today the farmers work in the shadows of derricks—and vote for Social Credit.*

UNTIL its victory in the provincial election of last June in British Columbia, most people believed that the Social Credit movement was confined, in any effective sense, to Alberta. But the upsurge in British Columbia has created a widespread impression that Social Crediters may make startling gains in the coming federal election.

The leaders of the movement have been quick to capitalize on the fact that they now control the two fastest growing provinces in Canada. Mr. Solon Low and the Reverend E. G. Hansell have recently redoubled their efforts to convince the Canadian people that Social Credit is the only party with a future.

According to one claim, Social Credit is now sufficiently strong in western Canada to send to Ottawa enough MP's to hold the balance of power in the next Parliament. Other Social Crediters maintain that their party is dynamic enough to absorb the Progressive Conservatives.

It is doubtful if any movement in Canada has been so much discussed or so little understood as Social Credit. The party has been in power in Alberta for nearly eighteen years. Yet the average Canadian still thinks of the prophet of Social Credit as an economic and religious crackpot. Our journalists airily dismiss the monetary theories of Social Credit with the epithet "funny money." Liberal, Conservative and CCF politicians alike glory in their complete "inability" to understand the doctrines of Social Credit.

An objective analysis of the movement, free from partisan bias, is needed. Such an analysis must include certain facts concerning the career of William Aberhart as well as exposition of the basic doctrines of Social Credit.

There might have been a Social Credit movement in Alberta without William Aberhart. But without this prophet such a movement could never have achieved political power.

Like Aimee Semple Macpherson and Father Coughlin, Aberhart was born and educated in Ontario. He was always especially proud of his BA degree from Queen's University. Migrating to Calgary in 1910, he soon became principal of the new Crescent Heights High School. Accompanied by considerable newspaper publicity, in which the achievements of his pupils (and their principal) were glorified in a spacious American manner, he developed this school into one of the largest and best-organized institutions in Western Canada.

Aberhart first became prominent in Alberta, outside educational circles, as a religious leader. In his youth he had fallen under the influence of a great Bible teacher, and had hoped to enter the Presbyterian ministry. Shortly after arriving in Calgary he organized a Bible Class, which met in a succession of Presbyterian and Methodist churches, later in a Baptist church. By the early nineteen-twenties his following had become so large that he organized the Calgary Prophetic Bible Conference which assembled on Sunday afternoons in the largest theatre of the city to hear him give two-hour interpretations of Christian fundamentalism and Bible prophecy to audiences that numbered 2,200.

ONE OF THE turning points in his career occurred in 1925. Owing to the enthusiasm of his followers he was persuaded to broadcast his Sunday services over CFCN, known as "The Voice of the Prairies" and, until recent years, the most powerful radio station in Canada. His broadcasts were so successful that he organized a Radio Sunday School which grew even more popular. By the use of radio, Aberhart built up a personal following that, according to some estimates, numbered between two and three hundred thousand persons. In 1927 his religious activities were put on a permanent basis when he and his followers built in the heart of Calgary the large Prophetic Bible Institute.

Until his fifty-fifth year, although Aberhart personally favored the Conservative party, he had never taken part in civic or political activities at any level, nor had he engaged in public discussion of economic questions. As the depression of the nineteen-thirties developed, he became acutely aware of the plight of the unemployed graduates of his school. In the autumn of 1931, certain young men who knew him well, both as high school teacher and as religious leader, urged him to tackle the problem of the depression. They elicited no apparent response.

But one night in Edmonton, the following summer, under circumstances that have become legendary, he began to read the exposition of Social Credit contained in Maurice Colbourne's *Unemployment or War*. Many hours later, as the hot July sun rose over the prairies, Aberhart laid down the book. He decided that Social Credit was exactly what Albertans needed to redeem their province from the depths into which the depression, the politicians and the bankers had plunged it. He would be the saviour.

What is the gospel of Social Credit which was destined to prove so effective politically in Alberta? In its most developed and complex form, the philosophy of Social Credit includes a monetary theory, a political theory, and an interpretation of history. Its monetary theory sets out to explain the inner workings of the capitalistic financial system and to offer a remedy for its unsatisfactory functioning in periods of depression and inflation. Its political theory re-interprets the role of the individual in the democratic state. Its interpretation of history suggests that such events as depressions, wars, and revolutions are the outcome of a long-existing Judaic plot or conspiracy to dominate the world.

UNDERLYING these three basic doctrines of Social Credit is a moral-religious theory of the fundamental rights of man. This doctrine has been variously expressed in terms of elusive conceptions such as Cultural Heritage, Political Liberty with Economic Security, and the Struggle of the Powers of Light against the occult Powers of Darkness in the World. At no time has Social Credit advocated the overthrow of the capitalistic system or of private enterprise.

Social Credit owes its origin to a Scottish engineer, Major C. H. Douglas, who died last year. While living in India as the representative of Westinghouse interests, he had been impressed by the fact that many developments, *physically* possible from the engineer's point of view, are *financially* impossible. As assistant director in England of the Royal Aircraft Works during the First World War, he made comprehensive studies of cost accounting. He concluded that, in over 100 industrial establishments, the weekly sum total of wages and salaries was continuously less than the weekly collective price of the goods produced. Upon this conclusion he formulated his famous "A + B Theorem."

IN THIS THEOREM, A = the flow of purchasing power to the masses (as represented by wages, salaries, and dividends), and B = bank charges, overhead costs, taxes, and the cost of raw materials. If A + B represents the cost of production under the financial system, the rate of flow of purchasing power to the masses will be less than the rate of flow of prices in the same period of time.

There will thus be a discrepancy, which Douglas maintains must be permanent, between A (the purchasing power of consumers) and A + B (the total cost of production). The "A + B Theorem" became the key conception of Douglas' economic theories. It provided him and his followers with their principal slogan, "Poverty in the Midst of Plenty", a paradox which clearly has great propaganda value in a period of widespread social unrest fostered by an economic depression.

On its negative or critical side Social Credit maintains that a permanent deficiency of purchasing power is inherent in the capitalistic financial system in the Machine Age. On its positive or constructive side it seeks to solve the problem of distributing the abundance of goods produced, as well as to increase production. It is maintained that other proposals for social reconstruction suffer

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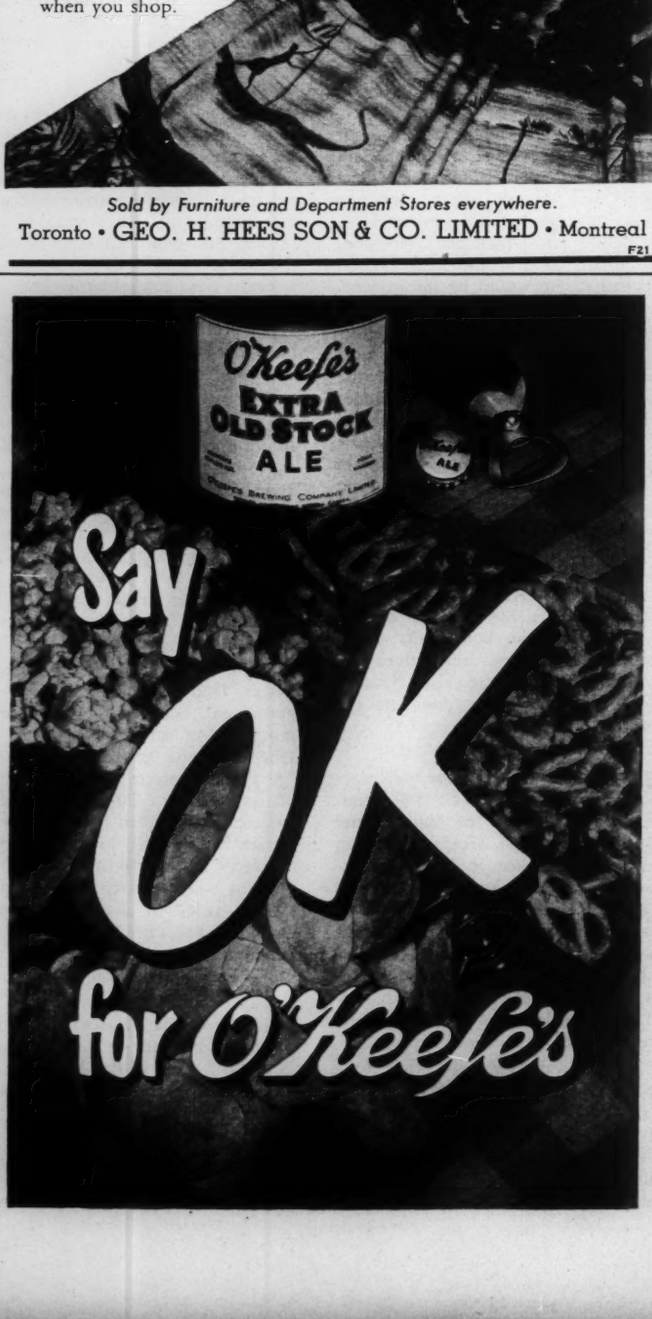

from three fallacies: that there is a limit to production; that work is the only just prior condition of individual income; and that there is magic in state ownership.

Social Crediters also insist that other reformers have not realized the significance of the distinction between financial credit, which is based upon gold, and real credit, which is based upon such factors as raw materials, power, and labor. Under the existing system, they say, financial credit has fallen into the control of bankers who, through its manipulation, exploit the community for purposes of private profit; a "functional" financial system should be concerned with the issue of credit to the consumer up to the limit of the productive capacity of the producer. By this device the consumer's real demands would be satisfied. The productive capacity of the industrial system would also be utilized and developed to the fullest extent.

The present political system of democracy has led to the development of economic slaves, they continue. Money has become the master rather than the servant of man. The people, as the sovereign authority, have lost their control over the monetary system. Their sovereign authority has been usurped by bankers, who have set up a financial dictatorship. By controlling credit, bankers make ineffectual the voting power of the people. The economic system no longer fulfils a moral purpose. Instead of economic security and freedom from want, the individual is faced with "poverty in the midst of plenty", misery, and unhappiness.

If the economic system is to function successfully, Social Creditors believe that the state must make at least three fundamental changes. First, it must recover its control over the monetary system. Second, it must issue social credit in the form of a *national dividend* (based upon a survey of the real wealth of the nation) to every person. Third, to prevent the possibility of inflation, it must establish a *just price* for all goods.

The evils in the existing economic system can be remedied by supplying the people with credit based upon the potential goods and services of society. This is the people's right, their *cultural heritage*. Only in this way will the individual be freed from wage slavery, be able to choose the work he likes best, be in a position to claim those goods which are rightfully his so that he can enjoy more leisure time. There was, from the beginning, a moral foundation for the changes in the monetary system proposed by Social Credit. The financial system must be reformed to enable the individual to achieve the fullest measure of self-realization.

As a political theory, Social Credit is presented as a "Way of Life": human nature is essentially good; the individual, as the most important fact of society, is an end in himself, not a means to an end; personal freedom is the most precious possesssion of life; every individual should therefore have political freedom, at the same time that he enjoys economic security; the state exists solely to promote the individual's welfare, freedom, and security.

The Social Credit Way of Life is compatible with both Christianity and Democracy. But its philosophers are extremely critical of the existing form of political democracy. They are, of course, bitterly opposed to Socialism and Communism.

Social creditors assert that there exists today only constitutional democracy, not functioning democracy. Parliament should be under the direct and continuous control of the electors. In actual practice, the people's representatives are controlled by the party machine. In place of the present system of limited state dictatorship, it is proposed to restore sovereign authority to the people. They must be organized in a "Union of Electors" through which the individual can directly express his aims and desires to his representatives in Parliament.

As an interpretation of history the theories of Social Credit are curiously familiar and at the same time most elusive. When Douglas's incessant criticism of "Finance" became threadbare, he evolved the colorful doctrine that national and international events can only be understood in terms of the machinations of a select group of international bankers, most of whom bear Jewish names. These bankers are indissolubly linked with a long-standing Judaic conspiracy to dominate the world, he said, and they work through the Masonic Order. They use both international capitalism and international communism to achieve their evil ends. Thus the wars, depressions, and revolutions of our time can be understood if we realize that they are the result of the activities of world conspirators.

The emphasis that has been given in Canada to each of the three aspects of the philosophy of Social Credit has varied with the time, the occasion, and the person. But there can be no doubt whatever that, for Aberhart, Social Credit was essentially a theory of monetary reform. Its moral foundation was linked with the idea of the cultural heritage. Its religious foundation was derived from his own interpretation of Christian fundamentalism and Bible prophecy.

In his interpretation of both Social Credit and Christianity, Premier E. C. Manning of Alberta has ever been the undeviating disciple of Aberhart. The slightest manifestation of anti-Semitism is utterly repugnant to Mr. Manning's character. It is, therefore, grossly unjust to accuse Mr. Manning of anti-Semitism in any form. If the national leader of the CCF made such an accusation last autumn (as was reported in the Press), he was guilty of a basic misunderstanding of the Aberhart-Manning attitude to Social Credit.

A prophet and an ideology are necessary for the development of a social movement and the formation of a new political party. But without operating tactics and strategy both the prophet and the ideology will remain ineffective. In subsequent articles we shall discuss the conquest of Alberta by Social Credit and assess the national prospects of the movement in the federal election of 1953.

The Passing Show

The Pursuit of Something for Nothing

FOR EIGHT months of the year, Great Britain is the largest and most efficient gambling den in all the long history of man's pursuit of Something for Nothing. From August to May, and from the remote Shetlands to London's surburbia, leisure minutes and spare shillings of nearly half the adult population are spent trying to predict the results of the Saturday football matches. This season, the companies which promote and organize the mass gambling — and would shudder at so coarse a word — will probably take in a record £60 million.

Out of this harvest, two thirds of the 10 million gamblers will get, week after week, the usual Nothing; almost another third will get little more than their bait back; a few thousand will get Something—but less than they had hoped; and a few dozen impossibly lucky devils will be hit on the head by a plum the size of a house.

For instance, Mr. and Mrs. George Borrett, of Cardiff, Wales, won a big prize, and the pool company, as is usual in such cases, dazzled them with a whoopla presentation ceremony at a West End Hotel — flowers, cocktails, press agents, flash-light bulbs, stage and screen stars. As he unfolded the magic check, actor Emlyn Williams said to the Borretts, with hushed dramatic effect: "It's not £900, it's not £9000; it's £91,000." Whereat Mrs. Borrett burst into tears. "It's really too much," she gasped, "it makes us seem like freaks."

Whether freakish, immoral, illusory, time-wasting or what you will, the pools have become a national habit. The Football Association has complained that 16 times as many people gamble on football as watch it, and urged that the sport "be protected from the parasitical outsiders who fasten upon it for profit." Other critics have demanded that the pool promoters open their books. The church is opposed. A Baptist minister said not long ago: "A society that offers a man £75,000 for sixpence is out of gear." But Parliament's last attempt to regulate the pools failed by a vote of 188 to 24.

Even government has acquired a stake in the gambling, for the pool companies yield about £20 million a year in taxes, and, thanks to more than £50 thousand in money-orders and postage paid by pool fans every week, Her Majesty's Post Office now shows a profit instead of a loss.

A large share of the pool gamblers' money goes to the company known as "Littlewoods." Its owners, the Moores family, are now millionaires. Eminently respectable, their coupons invariably refer to the gambler's stake as his "investment," and they address the gambler himself as "Friend"—always with a capital F.

From the 60-odd football matches played every Saturday, the wily pool promoters choose those whose results appear the most difficult to predict. These matches are served up on forms gay with colored ink, in a variety of appetizing combinations—"Select Five," "Double Draw," "Treble Chance," "Penny Points Pool." The gambler's pencil gropes up and down the checkerboard columns. For every tie correctly forecast he scores three points, for every visiting team victory two points, for every home team victory one point. If his total is higher than that of any other gambler, he can buy a fleet of Rolls Royces and fuel them with Chanel Number Five.

The pool promoter takes no gamble himself. The money comes snowstorming in; he pays his expenses (in the case of Littlewoods something like £100,000 a week), reserves 30 per cent of the gross for taxes, takes his profit (2.2 per cent), and divides what is left among the winning gamblers. Last September, winners in Littlewoods' "Treble Chance Pool" shared a record £284,892.

A few weeks later two men guessed the eight drawn games required in this pool. There was enough money in the kitty that Tuesday to pay each of them the limit of £75,000, and a lot of second prizes to other people besides. Littlewoods' immediately flooded the land with posters screaming "Double Top" and picturing two darts landing simultaneously in the winning top outer ring of a dart board. These advertisements, designed to reach the surplus shillings of the working men and women who play darts in local pubs of an evening, undoubtedly made the next few weeks' kitties bigger than ever.

IN THE "Treble Chance Pool," winners must name eight drawn games out of 52, not a single one of which will necessarily be a draw, and exactly eight of which rarely are. Last April Mrs. Lilian Guest, a charwoman of Godalming, Surrey, was all alone in her glory when she picked the eight drawn games, and won the limit (recently self-imposed by the promoters) of £75,000. Mathematicians reckoned that the chances against anyone's being a sole winner were 42 million to one.

Some people organize their friends into elaborate syndicates, unaware of the fact that they would need at least a million partners to cover all the possible combinations of even the simpler pools. Others, more sensibly, jab pins into the forms, or use rough and ready "systems" based on birthdays and house numbers. Like Mrs. Enid Tute of Hull, who let the ages of her three children be her guide—and won £71,801.

Every week the money orders and coupons pour into the pool headquarters and fresh blanks pour out. Most of the companies are in the Liverpool area. Here, during the football season, the pressure of mailings has forced postal authorities to add 40 extra trucks, to hire over 500 temporary workers and to farm out two million letters a week for sorting in nearby towns.

And here the harvest of daydreams is processed, in huge closely guarded buildings called "Flutter Factories." At Littlewoods' the gamblers' envelopes are first fed into ingenious machines which stamp code numbers on the envelope and everything inside it. Then Littlewoods' 12,000 girls, sitting as many as 500 in one room, open the envelopes, check the money orders against the customer's account, and string the coupons together in garlands of hope. Eagle-eyed supervisors and security men roam the aisles. No cash is ever handled, for the pools, to comply with Great Britain's outworn anti-gambling laws, operate on "credit" only. Therefore pool addicts, when placing this week's bet, enclose a money order for the bet they placed the week before.

ALL ENVELOPES must be postmarked not later than Friday, and must be received by the pool company Saturday afternoon before five, when the results of the matches become known. Saturday evening the safes are opened, and the checkers begin. Some of the girls can check as many as 360 coupons an hour — one every ten seconds. All the doors are locked, and until the job is done no girl may leave her workroom unless accompanied by a matron. On Sundays, 5,000 extra hands are recruited—all of them men, because the pools have already absorbed all the girls available in the neighborhood.

Tuesday is pay-off day. Amounts above £40 go by check, and big winners get advance notice by telegram.

Excellent advertisements for the pools are the presentation ceremonies, which revive the hopes of chronic losers and attract new "Friends." Pool promoters are disturbed by the increasing number of winners who send in their coupons with an X in the blank marked "No publicity." A few winners have even had their names changed by legal process to avoid poor relations and begging letters.

Somewhere in the Hornsey district of London is a Mr. X, who won the all-time record prize of £104,417 (this was before the pools limited their dividends), and dropped out of sight as successfully as the murderer in a perfect crime. No one knows who he is or where he lives, or what he used to do—and perhaps still does—for a living.

No one, that is, but a few pools officials—and the tax collector.

Winners do not pay income tax on their jackpots, but the tax officials come around at the end of the financial year to point out that the disposition of the money must be accounted for, and that if it has been invested,

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any revenue is taxed as unearned income.

People are more conscientious about meeting the Pool's deadline than about more serious obligations. Millions of coupons are mailed every week, but only a few hundred arrive too late.

The pools' gremlins play upon the gamblers' emotions with a caprice that is sometimes friendly, sometimes malign. In the pocket of the overcoat stolen from Tom Grower in a Blackpool hotel there was a filled-in pool forecast. When Saturday's results showed that he had picked a winning line, Tom's annoyance turned to an agony of slender hope. Tuesday's mail renewed his faith in human nature, for it brought him a check for £10,754. The thief had kept the overcoat, but—more than likely being a pool fan himself — had mailed the coupon.

Sergeant Kenneth Alder of the RAF was rounding out his enlistment, but signed up for another 12-year hitch in order to qualify for a pension. The ink was hardly dry on the application blank when a sixpenny pool investment won him £40,000.

It must be said that a big prize rarely seems to bring happiness. Indeed, according to follow-ups of the winners made by the pool companies themselves, few winners are satisfied, and a good many have been knocked out by a sock to the jaw from Lady Luck.

John Davies, a collier, won £45,000 several years ago. He was generous, and people took advantage of him. He stopped work, and nearly went mad. "When you've sweated to earn a pint of beer, it tastes good," he says, "when you win a drink at darts you really enjoy it. But when money just falls in on top of you there's no point to it. I often wish I'd never won it."

John Pass won £60,000, but soon found himself in court, accused of trying to welsh on a promise to buy his local hotel. "I didn't really mean to buy the hotel," he explained, "it was just my way of celebrating." When completely sober, he gave this advice to other pool winners: "Change your address. Lock your doors. Stay inside. Tear up all begging letters. And never sign anything."

John Pass practices what he preaches — with the single exception of signing his name, which he still does once a week—at the bottom of his forecast coupon.

JOHN D. DRUMMOND

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They Say:

London Spectator: Incomparably the most important men in the Western World today are Mr. Churchill, General Eisenhower and Dr. Adenauer. It is said that France can produce no one to put in the same category, or anywhere near it, but France has chosen so to conduct her affairs that no single man can remain in office long enough to achieve real greatness. The nearest to that in recent years has been M. Robert Schuman.

Ottawa Journal: Mr. Pearson, Minister for External Affairs, told the House of Commons it "would be unwise and premature to jump to dogmatic or critical conclusions concerning the step taken by the United States about Formosa".

This will be little liked by our Canadian Bevanites, some of whom seem to dislike the United States far more than they dislike Red China, and whose misgivings about Yankees have increased enormously since a Republican president moved into the White House. It will be liked a lot, though, by Canadians who want our foreign policy pronouncements to be something more than carbon copies of Miss Jennie Lee's London Socialist *Tribune* or of Mr. Kingsley Martin's Fabian *New Statesman and Nation*.

Calgary Herald: Criminals are glamorized enough in the movies and on the magazine stands, without any aid from the RCMP. There is no need for Public Enemy Number Anything in this country. Crime itself is the public enemy and the denizens of that shadowy world ought all to be equally "wanted" before the bar of justice. If the RCMP must advertise to apprehend, surely it can devise a better method than this.

Letter from New York

The Tattered Banners Are Hoisted

I'VE BEEN reading some very stirring editorials lately about the freedom of the press. They've been bursting out all over the New York papers, and they've been cropping up as far afield as the West coast. A Judge had closed his courtroom to the public, cried the leader writers; we were, it appeared, back in the days of Wilkes and Tom Paine. Unthinkable things lay just around the corner; the night arrest, the secret trial, and the star chamber were all being smuggled into the United States on the quiet.

The *Herald Tribune* raised the banner of the crusade, and took the Judge's decision to court.

You may be wondering what great issue of civil liberty was involved, that the wire agencies have failed to tell you about. Well, of course there wasn't one. It was an affair of a man and some prostitutes. The girls were young and pretty, and the man supposed to be living off their immoral earnings was rich, or had prospect of being so, and the combination of sex and easy money promised to sell a lot of papers. So when the Judge closed the court to the public, taking advantage of a rule, established for a couple of centuries, that Judges have a right to exclude idle spectators when such matters as sodomy are to be discussed in evidence, the tattered banners of freedom were hoisted into the air.

There were all sorts of interesting things for the editorial writers to talk about at the time: Lieutenant Goff's smile, for example. Goff, a pudgy young man from Texas, smiled when he got a two-year sentence from a military court in Tokyo. He was a commissioned Officer in the United States Army when he committed his crime, and he was on duty in Korea, in the eye of the world. He was drunk on duty, which is bad enough. He was in charge of a group of men searching for stolen army property, and they were drunk too, which is possibly worse. The band fumbled their way into a house where there were some women and children and frightened them badly. The man of the house, a Korean Presbyterian Minister, asked them to leave. They pistol whipped him to death.

In the same week in which Lieutenant Goff smiled at his judges, an enlisted man appeared before a military court in the same area. He too had killed a Korean. He was on furlough at the time. He had been drinking, and he got into a brawl with a black market dealer in spirits who had tried to swindle him with liquor cut with water. He got fifteen years. Goff's case got a quarter column here and there, the enlisted man's case got a four or five line stick.

No powerful editorials appeared comparing the two cases, and drawing attention to the fundamental question of justice involved. The national press was content to let the issue go, even though it is the sort of thing by which the rest of the world judges the United States. *Fiat circulatio, ruat coelum.* The health of the law does not sell papers, the bizarre case does.

Strictly speaking, there is a point of interest in the case of the prostitutes which the newspapers have been so steamed up about. The man was indicted for taking money from the proceeds of compulsory prostitution. The defense argument appears to be that the girls made use of the man, and willingly paid him his cut, because he knew a lot of wealthy men and could introduce them to those people. But the law in these matters thinks along lines which were set before the emancipation of women, and proceeds on the assumption that the man is a free agent and that the woman is a weaker vessel who can be forced to do things against her will and exploited.

One of the key witnesses in the case is a kept man; a woman paid him $300 a month to stay around, and it is quite clear that she was voluntarily doing what she was doing in order to keep him in funds and happy in his odd fashion. It may be that this case will be one of a series in which the law comes to recognise that in this field as in others women have won equality with men. It would be a very dangerous thing for women, and a very useful one for criminals in the prostitution racket, if that recognition were made, so the case may well turn out to be an important one. But it is very doubtful if the papers are interested in that aspect of the matter.

What is involved is a fairly simple confusion between the public right to know the judgment and to hear the evidence. The newspapers consider that the foundation of liberty and freedom resides in their right to sit at the press table and to extract drama and interest from the stories told by witnesses. The law considers the foundation of liberty is the judge's decision and the official report.

WHAT BURKE said about English law still holds: "(it) hath not any other foundation, nor consequently the lives and property of the subject any sure hold, but in the maxims, rules and principles . . . contained in the notes taken, and from time to time published, mostly under the sanction of the judges, called reports . . . to give judgment privately is to put an end to reports, and to put an end to reports is to put an end to the law . . . "

Press summaries of these reports, giving the public a clear idea of the growth and development of the law, are a vital public service. But the press of the United States has largely abandoned it. It isn't very hard to see why. At the time of the American Revolution the Common law rested on a solid foundation of about 10,000 reports. By 1940 there were 1,750,000.

The law courts are still spawning judgments at the same rate, and it is hard to see how the press can keep up with them. The problem is all the greater because the nature of the law has changed so much. The reports are not amusing reading, and they lack the human interest which makes a good news story.

Criminal law remains the great theatre of individual interest it has always been, with its exciting clash between criminals and society, but here again the problem of numbers crops up. There is altogether too much drama to deal with. There is a serious crime in the United States every twenty seconds or so, and someone is either murdered, raped, or feloniously assaulted every five minutes, somebody's car is stolen every three minutes, and every minute and a half somebody is either robbed or has his house burgled. Every now and then some case stands out above the ruck, —but on the whole the docket is too large for detailed examination.

THE PROCEEDINGS of the law do not, on the whole, get reported at all, and the public view of it gets more and more hazy and confused. What is not understood is as a rule not popular. The court of law is not the fortress of liberty in the public mind, but a place where mysteries are mysteriously dealt with, a place of delay, and confusion. The court's passion for exactitude and for regular procedure seems tiresome, and remote from the world of commonsense, snap decisions and reasonable compromises. The term legalistic has become a term of abuse.

The consequences of this can be felt at various levels, but it seems to me that they are most obvious in the domain of civil liberty. Foreigners are appalled at procedures of the Senate Committees of Enquiry, like the Kefauver Crime Enquiry, and the various committees presided over by Senators McCarthy, MacCarran, and Velde. There are no rules of evidence, hearsay is admitted, common report, and witnesses can be heard in secret, free from cross-examination by lawyers representing men they may be accusing of treason and equally serious crimes.

A witness under attack cannot produce his own defence witnesses, and the chairmen decide on apparently quite arbitrary grounds who will and who will not be heard. Almost daily they commit outrages on the carefully built-up structure of individual rights erected by the courts in the past two hundred and fifty years. And they do it with public approval. Insistence on the rights involved is legalistic.

Time and again you hear an excessively simple argument: Hell, we want to get at those traitors and subversives, and people like Costello and Anastasia, the big criminals—they've made monkeys of the law long enough. It's time we dropped all that courtroom hanky panky and got to business. While the committees get to business, the free press parades outside the courtroom where a number of high-priced call girls are telling their stories, proclaiming that the battlefield where liberty is to be defended is right there. It is not a reassuring spectacle.

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"Meanly to Admire Mean Things"

THERE ARE signs that one of the most wasteful and tiresome phases in the history of music is beginning to come to an end: the distinction between Classical and Popular.

Nearly always music has been sharply divided into rival domains; sacred and secular, for example, during a good deal of the Middle Ages. Rarely has it been divided into the only two classes that mean anything: good and bad. But it has happened. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, for example, the men whom we now think of as classical composers also wrote what we should call popular dance music, and broadly speaking, they did so in the same style. Formal composers drew heavily on folk music, and folk music itself was being composed all over the place. Most of western music formed one art; an art that was divided into many different styles, and contained work of vastly different degrees of merit, but which none the less was unable to split itself into groups each being snobbish at the expense of the others.

Thackeray said that he who meanly admires mean things is a Snob. We have had far too much of this in recent music. A modern composer may be a "serious" composer or a "popular" composer; until recently he could hardly be just a composer. Classical enthusiasts, repelled by the incredible monotony of most Tin-Pan Alley concoctions, have failed to recognize beautiful popular songs when they have appeared. Lovers of popular songs, on the other hand, have noticed that not everything played by a symphony orchestra is interesting or even worth playing. They know when they are bored, but they leap to the conclusion that all symphonic music is boring.

Neither of these beliefs, however, can compare with the fury and moral delicacy of the folk-song enthusiasts and the jazz fanatics. I know at least one eminent performer of folk-songs who has assured me personally that in his judgment there is no such thing as a bad folk-song. Folk-songs, to him, are like beer; some are better than others, but all are good. This very extreme view explains, I suppose, why *Porgy and Bess* and similar works are assiduously described as "folk-operas". Certainly *Porgy and Bess* makes use of contemporary styles of folk music, but so did *The Magic Flute*, and nobody calls it a folk-opera. I suppose it is thought that to say that something is folk-art appeals to people who think that this means it is not really art at all, that they could even do it themselves if they tried, and that the terrible stigma of having been worked on with skill and inspiration is quite lacking. Surely this is meanly to admire mean things. Good folk-music is as hard to write as good music of any other kind; and *Porgy and Bess* can stand alone perfectly well without having to be buttressed with the meretricious props of folk-snobbery.

The jazz fanatics seem to me to divide and consider too narrowly. Their field of study is relatively recent, and it is certainly interesting that the liveliest and most productive strain in modern music should have originated in the misery and squalor of the disorderly houses of the South. But I am not always able to follow jazz historians in the extreme subtlety with which they distinguish styles and schools of performance. It is not too much to say that every celebrated player is held to constitute a school of his own.

This view, though minute and analytical, is certainly not the mean admiration of mean things; but to be a slave of fashion in jazz (as in anything else) certainly is.

It is such people who regard jazz not as music but as a way of life, and one in which conventions are as rigid as iron and as transitory as the seasons. Their admiration for what is merely new is as bad as the admiration of the arty for what is merely old.

But recently these various cracks and fissures seem to be narrowing; there are even rickety bridges extending from one domain to another. It used to be fashionable to describe George Gershwin as a "popular" composer who had written a few "serious" compositions. Now we are beginning to regard him as a composer, part of whose work is more extended and elaborate than the remainder. For this, surely, is the essential difference, apart from that of merit: so-called "serious" music is relatively highly organized and relatively extended in time.

GERSHWIN is one example, but it is not too much to say that many modern musical shows, for instance those by Kurt Weill, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers and Frank Loesser, use the idiom of what used to be called "popular" music, and some of the extended organization of what used to be called "serious" music. *South Pacific*, *Kiss Me Kate* and *Guys and Dolls* approach this common ground for the "popular" side; while, on the other hand Gian-Carlo Menotti approaches the same ground from the "serious" side in works like *The Medium*, *The Consul* and *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.

For the first time in many years, we are beginning to find really wide acceptance of composers who feel free to make use of all the resources of the art of music, and not just some of them. Such men evidently

do not despise any part of their art as being necessarily inferior in itself. This is a vital condition for creative work. The artist must admire and love his tools, neither using nor avoiding them for reasons not connected with their essential function.

To do otherwise; to admire music because it is merely old, or merely new, or merely folk music, without having other merits; or because it is improvised, or not improvised; in short, to have any other attitude toward it that is not based on its success as music and not as fashion or as habit, is to be a snob. It is meanly to admire mean things; and it is the death of art.

LISTER SINCLAIR

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Our Busy Politicians

(From Hansard)

MR. JEAN LESAGE (Montmagny L'Islet): Mr. Speaker, in an editorial appearing in the New York *Times* of Saturday last one can read that the faces of some New Yorkers who read Mr. Phillips' dispatch about the cuts in Canadian taxes were pale and green with envy. If the writer of that article had been sitting in my seat last Thursday evening, he would have seen across the alley nothing but green, pale, gray faces, gloomy with envy and jealousy and, of course, with disappointment.

SOME HON. MEMBERS: Oh, oh.

MR. LESAGE: Why is that? Some laughs are sometimes yellow laughs, as we say in French. Why is that?

AN HON. MEMBER: You feel sorry for yourself.

MR. LESAGE: Oh, you have enough being sorry for yourself. It is because the budget brought down by the Minister of Finance is a just and equitable budget, the best that we could have under the circumstances.

MR. J. W. MURPHY (Lambton West): "Under the circumstances".

MR. LESAGE: The vast majority of the Canadian people think so as well as do the vast majority of the newspapers and the newspapers from abroad share the same opinion.

MR. ROSS (Souris): Good old James Street!

THE HON. MR. CHEVRIER (Minister of Transport): Hon. members opposite do not seem to like this.

MR. SPEAKER: Order.

MR. LESAGE: One is usually a bad judge of his own actions. But of course one's nagging wife is also a bad judge; and the Opposition is nothing but a terribly nagging wife of the Government. It therefore might be a good thing to have a look and to see what the neighbors have to say about the budget so that we can have an independent opinion. The New York *Daily News*—

MR. MURPHY: They do not vote here either.

MR. LESAGE: —says, "Look at Canada go," and commenting on the budget they called the Minister of Finance the wizard of Ottawa. That is not the hon. member for Greenwood.

MR. GRAYDON (Peel): The wizard of Oz.

MR. LESAGE: Jealousy and envy.

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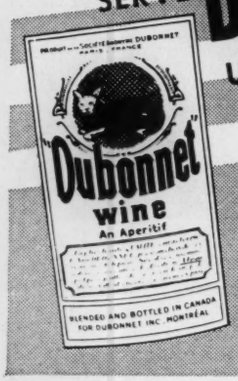

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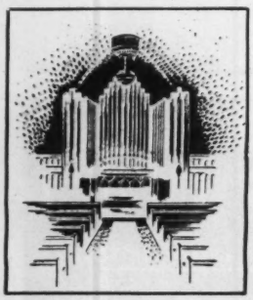

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Ottawa Letter

No Fireworks, But Quebec Watched

THE DEBATES in the House of Commons on the budget and emergency powers were in a temperate vein and without any oratorical fireworks.

In turn, J. M. Macdonnell, Mr. Coldwell and Mr. Low subjected the budget to a critical analysis and agreed that its merits were far outweighed by its demerits. Its defence was left to Liberal backbenchers, as Trade Minister Howe only intervened in the debate to favor the House with an account of his trade mission to Latin American countries.

In the debate on the emergency powers, a lot of old straw was threshed, and it was equally hard to see why ministers who had used it so sparingly and could resort at short notice to the unrepealed War Measures Act were so urgent for its passage and why the opposition did not content itself with registering a vigorous protest against it.

In the sessions of the Select Committee on Defence Expenditures, the persistent efforts of its chairman, Mr. Croll, and his henchmen to smother damaging evidence of governmental waste and mismanagement has not availed to prevent the opposition members from unearthing some very damning material to sustain their case. They are now licking their chops over some candid reports by important officials, and their severity can be gauged by the following two quotations:

"However, I could not fail to be impressed by the fact that for such a tremendous administrative machine there appears to be very little fighting strength", and "a high percentage of the construction and other contracts were awarded on a cost plus basis, which the department itself has declared to be wasteful, inefficient, and an incentive to extravagance."

Eyes on Quebec

IN OTTAWA, careful watch is being kept by the master minds of the Liberal party upon developments in Quebec, which may well have an important bearing upon the fortunes of the coming Federal election. They are regarded as the opening moves of Premier Duplessis, for a frontal assault upon the system of Federal provincial agreements about taxation from which the province of Quebec now alone stands aloof.

For the local success of such a campaign, the conditions are not unfavorable. The burden of direct taxation on the mass of citizens of Quebec, the habitant farmers and the urban workers, is negligible, but in recent years the more prosperous classes have come to feel that the present Federal structure of taxation and the levies of the provincial Government together impose on them a tax load which cannot be borne with equanimity.

During the past year, certain corporations had moved their headquarters from Quebec to Ontario, because the rate of the Federal income tax on corporations was lower in that province, but the recent Budget ended this discrimination.

It was the general feeling of grievance about heavy taxation that impelled the Chamber of Commerce of the Province of Quebec to submit some months ago to the Duplessis Ministry, a brief which claimed to have the endorsation of all its constituent units, and therefore to represent the views of the leaders in industry, commerce and finance in the province.

Among other things, this brief asserted that "our Chamber has not been able to accept with satisfaction the sort of solution that has prevailed up till now in the adjustment of Federal-provincial relations," and also declared that "never in the history of Confederation have the rights of our provincial autonomy been so seriously threatened, and for this reason we cannot fail to bear in mind that in this crisis we have the advantage of finding in you a champion of these rights."

Mr. Duplessis professed to be deeply moved by an appeal which expressed such anxiety about the future of his province, and by the praise lavished upon him for his assiduous guardianship of its rights; and his pledge to take some constructive remedial action has been fulfilled during the present session of the legislature of Quebec. He has passed through the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, with the concurrence of the Liberal opposition, a bill which authorises the establishment of a Royal Commission with very wide terms of reference. It is instructed specifically to investigate and make recommendations about the following problems:

(a) The steps necessary to safeguard the rights of the province and those of municipalities and corporations.

(b) The distribution of taxes between the central power and the provincial, municipal and school organizations.

(c) Encroachments by the central power in the field of direct taxation.

(d) The repercussions and results of such encroachments in the legislative and administrative regimes of the province, and in the collective domestic and individual life of its people.

(e) Constitutional questions of a legislative and financial nature in general.

From the personnel of his Commission Mr. Duplessis has carefully

excluded political hacks and nonentities, and has enlisted the services of six men, whose standing with the public and high reputation as experts in their particular fields will make its verdicts carry weight. Chief Justice Tremblay of Quebec is a jurist of wide experience; Honore Parent is a former President of the Montreal Chamber of Commerce; John P. Rowatt and Esdreas Minville are familiar respectively with the educational problems of the Protestant and Roman Catholic communities of the province; The Rev. Richard Aria is an expert upon constitutional issues and Henri Guimont is secretary of the Faculty of Social Science at Laval University.

Tale of Grievances

It can be taken for granted that, at the hearings which this Commission will hold at all the important centres of Quebec, spokesmen of the industrial, commercial, and financial interests will unfold their grievances against the present arrangements about taxation, and that few defenders of the latter will appear.

It will also be strange if the sessions do not produce a spate of violent propaganda against the Liberal party, as the sinister and traitorous instrument of the Federal encroachments upon the sacred provincial rights of Quebec, bleeding it white financially to extricate other provinces from the consequences of the mismanagement of their affairs.

It may be the objective of Mr. Duplessis's Commission merely to secure justification for his position as the solitary rejector of a plan which the other nine provinces find satisfactory. However, the Liberals suspect strongly that the Premier expects from his Commission a report which will give him a valid excuse for emerging in the Federal election as the active ally of Mr. Drew, and playing upon the racial emotions of the French Canadians in an appeal for votes against the party which is betraying their cherished rights.

The benefits which Mr. Drew would derive from such a crusade by Mr. Duplessis are dubious. He has never retreated from his opposition to the agreements for rentals of taxation.

If he gave his blessing to a raging, tearing campaign for their elimination, he might gain some parliamentary support from Quebec but he could not expect to carry many seats in the poorer provinces which are distinctly the beneficaries of these agreements.

In Ontario some votes might be won by the arguments that the two central provinces are being treated as financial milch cows by the rest of the country, but it could not be endorsed by Premier Frost and his Ministry, who have repudiated the policy of Mr. Drew. So the latter, if the agreements about taxation are a major issue in the election, might lose on the swings what he gains on the roundabouts.

Other Races Survive

Inevitably the main burden of coping with such a campaign by Mr. Duplessis as is forecast, would fall upon Prime Minister St. Laurent, who was recently told by a deputation of the Chamber of Commerce of Quebec that the whole population of Quebec attaches immense importance to an issue which is placing its fundamental liberties and rights in jeopardy. But this statement is a nonsensical exaggeration, indeed a perversion of the fact. So far, Quebec has not been stripped of any of her provincial rights about taxation, or any other matter, and they could never be taken away without the consent of her elected representatives.

Moreover, the records of history prove a race can preserve its special culture, ideals and traditions indefinitely without enjoying control of its system of taxation. For centuries the Irish had no voice about their taxes, which were prescribed from London, but they retained all their special racial characteristics. Even today the Scots and the Welsh have only local control of municipal taxation, but they remain separate races from the English; and the special racial culture of the Poles has survived taxation from Moscow for generations.

So it is a poor compliment to the French-Canadians to suggest that the fibre of their racial pride is so much weaker than that of the Irish, Scots, Welsh and Poles, that it will decay and perish unless the province of Quebec has unfettered control of its taxation.

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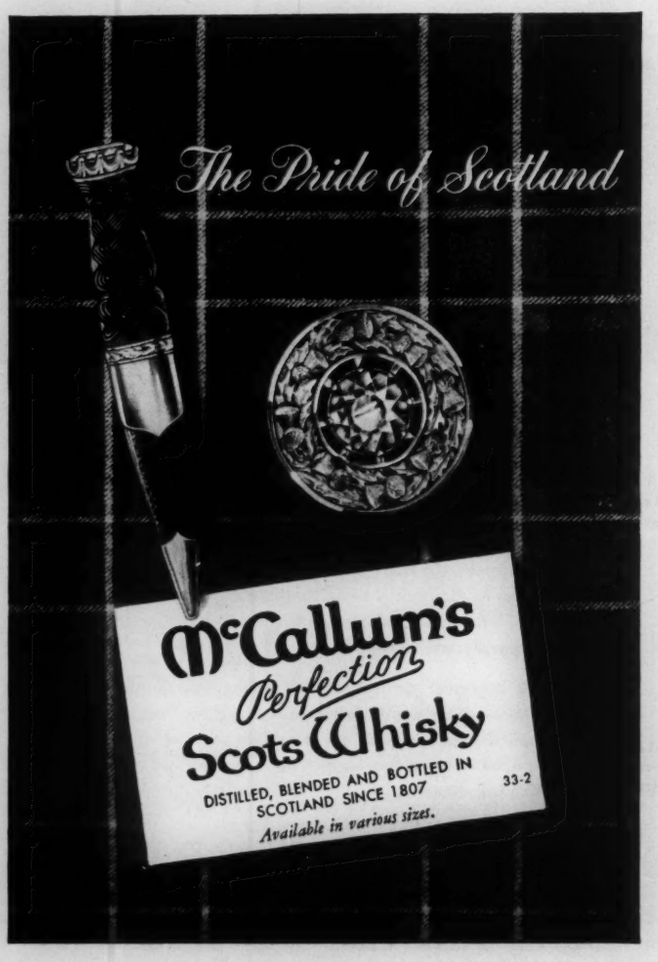

Foreign Affairs

Risks and Rewards of Tito's Policy

DISPATCHES from Belgrade on three consecutive days lately held the outline of one of the most dramatic and encouraging stories of the cold war. The first dispatch was on Tito's state visit to Britain; the second on the peasants' victory in the fight against collective farms; and the third on the signing of a Balkan Entente with Greece and Turkey.

When Tito broke with Stalin he persisted for a long time in asserting that he wanted no association with the "Western imperialists". His was the only true Communist regime; and to prove it he persisted, for one thing, with the basic Communist doctrine of collectivizing the peasants, to exorcise that evil from which all other evils spring, in the Communist dogma, the ownership of private property.

And now we see him traipsing off to lunch at Number 10 Downing Street and bow at Buckingham Palace, letting it be known that he would also like to visit the White House, and getting one foot into the door of NATO by joining Greece and Turkey in a Balkan defence agreement. We also see the price he has to pay for consorting with the West. The Yugoslav peasants, understanding full well that a Tito who depended on the West for survival needed them more and could not dare treat them so badly as when he was in defiance of all the standards of the West, have stubbornly held out and now forced the government to give up its collectivization program.

This is exactly as this observer always held it must be. So long as Tito had the ruthless support of the Kremlin, he could afford to govern with the support of 10 per cent or perhaps at the most 20 per cent of his people. The moment he defied Stalin, and was plunged into a no-holds-barred struggle for survival, he needed all the support he could get at home. He could afford neither a disaffected peasantry, which comprised three-quarters of the nation, nor a hungry population.

So when poor harvests persisted, and brought severe crises for the regime, he first of all slackened off the collectivization drive, then all last year winked at widespread withdrawals from collective farms, and now has abandoned all further effort to form such state farms.

The latest figures show what small success Tito achieved in dragooning the sturdy, highly individualistic Yugoslav peasants, who were no serfs just freed from landlordism but had been free-holders for generations. Only 5 per cent of Yugoslav agricultural production came from collective farms last year. Another 20 per cent came from peasant cooperatives, long established in the Yugoslav countryside. The remainder still came from individual farms.

An extension of freedom in any corner of the world is a heartening development in these days, when the current has been running for so long in the other direction. But while this and other changes of policy in Yugoslavia have resulted perhaps in the larger part from a need to curry popular support at home, and in the Western democracies from whom aid was being asked, what is more interesting is they have also resulted in part from a questioning of Soviet doctrine and practice which could never have taken place without such a drastic breakaway as that of June 1948.

Tito's more immediate need then was to justify his break with Stalin to his own party followers, whom he had brought up to accept everything that Stalin said or did without question. He began by condemning Stalin's policy towards Yugoslavia and other Communist states; Stalin had talked of equality and brotherhood, but he had exploited Yugoslavia as a raw-material-producing colony, "like any imperialist power."

IN THOSE days, Stalin's portrait still hung all over Belgrade. But once Communist deity had been questioned, it was inevitable that the day should come when *Borba* would proclaim the ultimate heresy: "Stalin is not always right." If he was not right in his foreign policy, perhaps he also made mistakes in his domestic policies. With the blinkers off, the enquiry was on. The Stalin portraits came down; but still the Yugoslav leaders stoutly affirmed themselves to be true Leninists and Marxists. Their enquiry, they said, was to see how and where the Bolshevik Revolution had gone off the rails.

But once you start a process like that, it is hard to stop. Doubting Stalin's performance seems to have led them to doubt Lenin's theory, for he was the one who always insisted that the peasant was a petty bourgeois and had to be put under strict control by a proletarian regime.

So far has the process gone that, from intending at one time to put themselves at the head of a new Fifth International of Titoists, they have since decided to cultivate relations with Western Socialists.

This is part of Tito's solution of his problem of alliance. For a long time he vowed that he would not join the Western grouping just because he had broken with the Eastern. He seems to have placed considerable hope in the building of a "World Third Force", the sort of thing Nehru was still talking about the other day, and in the

cultivation of this idea maintained enormous staffs in the Yugoslav embassies and legations in such potential third force countries as Iran, India and Indonesia.

But with the inclusion of Greece and Turkey in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization as well as Italy, he seems to have decided that he could not remain out in the cold alone. He also may have satisfied by this time the natural suspicions of a lifetime Communist that the "Western imperialists" would not impose control of his internal policy in return for aid. With his Balkan Entente he secures at the same time a stronger bargaining position in his dispute with Italy, and a necessary supply route in case of emergency through Salonika, for there is nothing more certain in case of either a general European War or a Soviet onslaught on Yugoslavia, than a drive through the Liubliana Gap to wipe out the Allied bridgehead in Trieste.

In the purely military sphere, probably a more direct gain for Yugoslavia than the collaboration of the powerful Turkish Army is the close cooperation of the Greeks in resisting the very serious danger of a Soviet drive across the narrow waist of Serbia from Bulgaria to Albania. This would gain time to liquidate the Soviet outpost in that isolated country and thus free the mouth of the Adriatic.

But in linking his military fortunes with those of Greece and Turkey, Tito has in a sense got one foot into the back door of NATO. When the NATO partners consider Greek-Turkish military problems in future, they must take Yugoslavia into account. Can they then ignore Yugoslavia when considering the military problem of defending Italy? The very formation of the Balkan Entente puts the spotlight on Trieste and the Liubliana Gap as the weak joint in the defence of the whole of Southern Europe. This is bound to force a new attempt to settle the quarrel between Italy and Yugoslavia, and Tito apparently feels he is now in a better position to meet this.

Having thus covered his rear, as he turns westward, Tito counts on building support among the Socialist parties of the West against any possible pressure by the "reactionaries," says Richard Lowenthal in *The New Leader*. This commentator, who has made himself one of the best experts on Yugoslav, German and satellite affairs, made some shrewd observations at the recent Yugoslav Party Congress. The party leaders, he says, are now agreed on decentralization of power and the strengthening of local government, although they are not so sure of how to do this and still retain essential Communist Party control of the country. The current idea is that to counteract the divergent pulls of local and regional interests the party will have to be strongly centralized and united, but rely more on argument than on force to achieve its purposes.

On the last morning of the congress there were so many interventions from the floor, with proposed amendments and the like, that it suddenly took on the air of a Western party conference. But this was the exception. For the rest, the sessions were dominated by the mentality of the former partisans, who still comprise the majority of the membership and still conduct themselves like loyal rubber-stamps. However, new members who have come in since the break with Stalin now make up almost 40 per cent of the membership, and in time are bound to be heard more in council.

"According to the official theory," says Lowenthal, "the party is gradually to move away from the role assigned to it by Lenin, that of concentrating revolutionary state power in its hands, and to learn to educate and mould opinion and free discussion, fighting the inevitable revival of bourgeois ideology by argument rather than by administrative means. Other opinions are to be expressed with increasing freedom, even in the press, with the Communists retaining as their privilege only the monopoly of political organization, and the last word."

As Lowenthal says, this is a highly idealistic version of Marxism.

Another line of thought, even more interesting than what Titoism is doing to loosen the Communist grip on the Yugoslavs, is pursued by Harry Hodgkinson in "West and East of Tito" (Longmans, $2.50). This is mainly an investigation of the effect of the Titoist heresy on the Soviet Union, and it is an unusually thoughtful and penetrating study.

He thinks that the Yugoslavs, driven by their criticism of Stalin's methods to practice new forms of ownership and control in industry and to revive Marx's slogan "The Factories to the Workers", which has been so reversed in the new industrial feudalism of the USSR, have given new life to old aspirations deep in the heart of the Socialist movement throughout Europe, and not least in Russia and Eastern Europe. "The old ghosts of anarchism, syndicalism, guild socialism, walk again, rising from beneath the thawing icecap of Stalin's form of centralized state control."

Moreover, Hodgkinson believes that the Titoist accusations of imperialist exploitation by Russia have echoed throughout the Soviet Empire. Quite as much as the Roumanians resent having gasoline rationed while the Soviets dispose of Roumania's oil elsewhere, he believes the Azerbaijani resent having overlords from Moscow dispose of the immense flow of wealth from Baku. And he is certain that the well-known resentment of the Ukrainians over Russian control of their great wealth of grain and minerals, of industry and hydro power, can only be intensified.

He has a vast deal more of interest to say, but concludes that Titoism "has brought nearer the approaching day of decision for the Soviet Union." If the Western powers hold together closely and maintain their rearmament, self-preservation might lead the Soviet Union to seek a standstill agreement and open up the trade which she needs so badly. "Then time might be expected to do its work. Unless Marx was a better prophet than he has hitherto seemed to be, the violent world revolution would never take place, nor would war."

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Built-in Community Conscience

AN OUTSPOKEN cleric who has "always been on the fringe of Canada" during his 40 years in the ministry, returned last week to Toronto, where he was educated, to occupy the pulpit of the country's largest Anglican church.

The Very Rev. Cecil Swanson, now 63, who was dean of Christ Church Cathedral, Vancouver, for the past 13 years, hopes to convey "some of the spirit of the west" to his congregation at St. Paul's Cathedral, Toronto. The task, he believes, may be more difficult than any he faced in his years in northern Saskatchewan, Alberta and the Yukon.

"Filling the pulpit once occupied by the great Dr. H. J. Cody," he said before leaving for Toronto, "is probably more than a man should be asked to do." He reminisced about Dr. Cody, under whom he studied theology at Wycliffe College before his graduation in 1913.

Dean Swanson's reputation as the "civic padre" brought him thousands of speaking invitations in Vancouver, made him president of the Canadian Club and the idea man, party whip and built-in conscience of Rotary, the Ministerial Association, the U.N. Society and community groups.

The impetus which gave Mr. Swanson his unique position is his firmly held and cheerfully spoken belief that the clergy must take more part in secular affairs.

"A clergyman must find out what makes his community go," he says, "take part in its activities and face its troubles. It's no use these days locking yourself inside the chapel walls."

Once in Lethbridge he won a useful temporal office on the school board. He was interested in the same work in Vancouver, but discovered that in British Columbia, "criminals, lunatics, Asians and clergymen are not allowed to hold school board office."

Dean Swanson says flatly that religion is not a part of life, but life itself. It must be in the warp and woof of society, not something on the outside.

He believes that, generally speaking, morning service and Sunday schools are well attended. But particularly in the suburbs, he feels, evensong is a failing attraction beside high priced radio programs. He is even more fearful of the impact of TV on Sunday evening church-going.

On the other hand — and here again he's in a battle of principle with the blue law people — he says baseball, movies and the symphony can go ahead on Sunday for all he cares. A church goer will attend service if it means anything to him, and if he's not going, he'll stay away whether blue laws exist or not.

Since student days when he first went to preach in Saskatchewan, he has lived Teddy Roosevelt's "strenuous life".

It started in Clapham, London, and his earliest memory is of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. In Canada at 19, he attended Wycliffe College, and later taught briefly on Vancouver Island, his first experience of "the fringes of Canada". Next he was in northern Saskatchewan, where homesteaders were still plowing with oxen. Later, he went to the Yukon; and before Vancouver, he was in Lethbridge.

R. A. FRANCIS

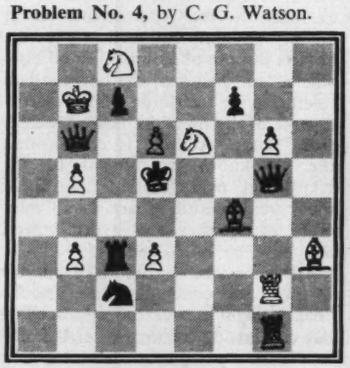
●

Chess Problem

WHILE the humble Pawn fills many minor roles in a two-move chess problem, its presence may also be highly expressive, and it can complicate matters considerably. It will surprise many to be told that the Pawn has a gamut of no less than eight different moves, including the en passant capture and the promotions to Queen, Rook, Bishop and Knight. To the last we could add the four capture promotions. The threat of promotion has great potential.

On its home square the Pawn may have a choice of four moves, the quiet ones one or two squares forward on the file, and the two captures diagonally to left or right. The principal attention the black Pawn has been able to win, has been the task of producing four variations from these four moves, a task to which the happy name of Pickaninny has been applied.

Problem No. 4, by C. G. Watson.



Black—Six Pieces.
White—Thirteen Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.

The Pickaninny is obviously a maximum task for one black Pawn, and there are in existence about 125 examples. It was left to an Australian composer, C. G. Watson, to show that a double Pickaninny could be achieved successfully in a two-mover, and he won a first prize with it. We select it for our No. 4 above. It will be seen that the KBP operates two black Queen interferences, as in our No. 1, but with the Queen on a different spot relatively. Quite different are the black Rook interferences on the Q's side, action being solely on the file.

Solution of Problem No. 3.

Key 1.Kt-Q4, threatening 2.R-Kt4 mate.

If KxKt; 2.Q-Kt4 mate. If QxKt; 2.QxRP mate. If BxKt; 2.Q-Kt1 mate. If PxKt; 2.QxQP mate.

A fine multi-sacrifice black-threat, with two added mates.

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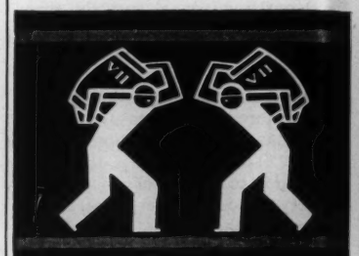

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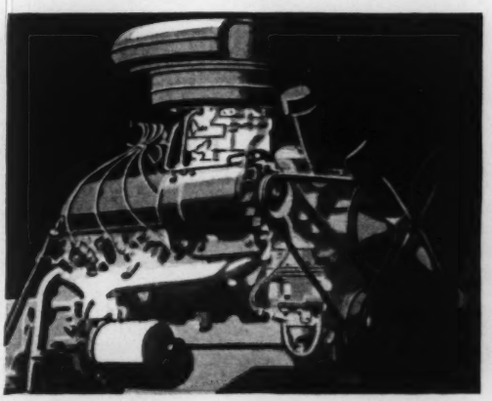

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Books

Of the Human Predicament

THE HUMAN PREDICAMENT is, briefly, that man comes into the world from we know not where, and leaves the world we know not whither; and between these great moments he must make the best of what he finds here with what knowledge and experience he can get. How shall he best employ his time? There are a thousand answers but three of the most popular form the bases of the books under consideration today.

The first of these is the personal journal of Father Louis of the Order of Cistercians, better known as the author Thomas Merton. *The Seven Storey Mountain,* which was a best seller a few years ago, told of the conversion of the worldly and discontented Mr. Merton to Catholicism, and of his acceptance in a monastery of Trappists; *The Sign of Jonas* tells of his progress toward his final vows, his ordination as a priest, and his appointment as Father Master in charge of a group of aspirants to the monastic life. Father Louis' solution to the human predicament is to accept this world as a necessary but unimportant preparation for another and vastly better world—perhaps for union with God himself.

Whatever may give importance to the things of this world must be subdued, and the greatest enemy in this struggle is self-will. Merton wanted to be a contemplative; it was the decision of his Order, however, that he should write books and do a good deal of manual work; in the day-to-day entries of his journal we see him accept this decision. And as we read we are moved to wonder about the genuineness of this writing; to what extent can it be called the intimate revelation of a man's spiritual life? When did Merton know that it was to be published and, when he knew, to what extent was he able to keep himself from writing for effect? This is by no means to suggest that the book is cheaply written, but how can we escape a feeling that it is "touched up"? With his publishers and his superiors so plainly eager for further spiritual adventures from this writer of best-sellers we must ask these questions, unless we throw all critical standards out of the window whenever we approach a work of this type. Here, if anywhere, we may demand the most complete sincerity. The great spiritual autobiographies of the past were not written by pilgrims in such close touch with Harcourt, Brace and Company.

To question the perfect honesty of this book is not to reflect upon the monastic life, to which the world was, and is, obligated for much that is holy and great. But when a monk confides his inmost soul to a typewriter and, with all possible speed, to the world at large, we may innocently wonder what we have done to be vouchsafed revelations which concern God only? Thomas Merton has set the desire for money aside, but can he be exonerated from suggestions of spiritual exhibitionism?

NOT EVERYONE tackles the human predicament by entering a cloister, though such a course of action would, in time, solve all problems for good. Great numbers of people meet the world on the world's own terms, seeking happiness in work, marriage and parenthood, and ordinary pleasures. But this common path is beset with dangers, of which the world has became extremely conscious during the past fifty years; never has there been a time in history when people have prated so much about happiness, and fussed so much about its achievement. But discernible amid the hubbub are some counsels of wisdom, and much that is plain common sense, newly stated. Among the hundreds of books which have appeared as guidebooks toward happiness few are as good as *The Well-Adjusted Personality,* written by Dr. Phillip Polatin and his wife, Ellen Philtine; it has the virtues of good sense and literacy, and it is written by people who have a good opinion of mankind.

Two opinions in this book are comparatively novel in a work for general reading. The first is the belief that parents have rights as well as responsibilities, and that they should not allow themselves to be subsumed in the needs and demands of their children. This is good news to those who feel that an adult is at least of equal importance with an infant or adolescent, and may sometimes set his well-being above theirs. The second is the warning against trying to live up to impossible standards in all aspects of life. We must, according to this book, show a little tender regard for our failings and shortcomings or we shall come to grief; as many people sacrifice their happiness to impossible yearnings for perfection as destroy their lives by self-indulgence. This is a lesson of great value in a country like our own, where the self-floggings of puritanical conscience cause untold misery.

INHERENT in this book is another idea, simple and self-evident in itself, but too often overlooked by people who seek happiness through some sort of psychological adjustment, and it is this: every man must find happiness on his own level, and be content with that. A man of commonplace intellectual endowment cannot enjoy the rewards of the saint or the philosopher; only unhappiness can come from mental or spiritual pretentiousness. Conversely, it is ridiculous for the man whose temperament is con-

templative, or creative, to attempt to force himself into a go-getting mould because social or family pressures push him in that direction. This is, of course, no more than the age-old counsel "Know thyself", but every generation demands that it be restated in its own terms. Our age is particularly prone to be imitative; if we are not early risers we reproach ourselves because President Eisenhower is so; if we find ourselves tired in the evenings we fret because Mr. Churchill is said never to know fatigue. By setting ourselves standards which are wrong for us we paradoxically fail to make the best of what we are and the energies which we have.

IT IS WELL to keep this tendency in mind when reading *The Best Years of Your Life* by Marie Beynon Ray. The years of which she speaks are those extra twenty years which modern medical skill has added to our life expectancy, and with uncritical enthusiasm she urges us to fill them with a variety of "activities"; the word is printed in quotation marks because it is one of the witch-words of our time, and signifies a host of pursuits which keep us from sitting quietly in a chair and coming to grips with the facts about ourselves. It does not occur to Mrs. Ray that an elderly person might like to rest after a life of work. No, no, she cries; let them paint, write, play instruments, take pictures and collect things, including languages. In a rattling, feverishly cheerful prose she flogs the grandsire and the beldam on to furious activity —no matter what, so long as they drag their old bones from the chimney corner and make a stir in the world. There is much that is good in what she says, but her advice must be taken with caution: The solution to the human predicament certainly does not lie in a restless flight from the normal contemplativeness and possible wisdom of old age.

Her best point is that education and mental development need not come to a halt as age approaches; we can always learn. Sir William Mulock, we recall, committed verse to memory every day when nearing his centenary. But she leaves no time for the serenity and peace of age, and many of us who are now tossing on the heavy seas of middle life tremble at the thought of a seniority in which we shall be compelled to collect orchids or learn to play the trombone.

Like a white candle
In a holy place,
So is the beauty
Of an aged face.

So writes the poet. But Mrs. Ray does not concur; she wants the aged face to blaze with the charmless frenzy of a naked electric bulb. The human predicament, under such circumstances, must conclude not in a fading splendour, but with a fizzle and a pop.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE SIGN OF JONAS—by Thomas Merton—pp. 362—McLeod—$4.50.

THE WELL-ADJUSTED PERSONALITY — by Philip Polatin, M.D. and Ellen C. Philtine —pp. 262 and index—Longmans, Green—$4.50.

THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE—by Marie Beynon Ray—pp. 290 and appendix—McClelland & Stewart—$4.75.

In Brief

THE LAW OF THE VULTURES—by Phyllis Altman—pp. 206—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.75.*

TO READ this book is an emotional experience. Rarely does a novel which is a social document move heart and mind as it does. The setting is South Africa. The theme is the terrible and complicated racial conflicts there. Dr. Malan might think the novel propaganda; a less committed reader will find that it has only the taint of truth. The blacks are not wholly white, the whites not entirely black. It is intense as a novel and great social writing because passion is controlled by the author's art and intelligence.

The chief figure is Thaele, one of the most tragic in present-day fiction because his tragedy affects his people and is at the same time the result of his own inadequate nature and Bantu limitations. An almost trivial but inherently cataclysmic event, inevitable in the condition of Johannesburg society now, unseats the petty clerk, Thaele, bred in primitive back-country, from his job and his reason. The steady voice of logic, through the labor organizer, the Indian Dhlamini, is helpless to avert catastrophe and the weird of South Africa. Yet one can believe—so fair to human history is the novel—that a Kent or Fortinbras or a Dhlamini will survive to carry on, but only after Nemesis.

The shift of chief characters and setting half-way through the book (Chapter III) is skilfully accomplished.

If there is power anywhere in the modern novel, here it is.

NISEI DAUGHTER—by Monica Sone—pp. 238 —*McClelland & Stewart—$4.00.*

WEST COAST readers will find this account particularly pertinent. It is the story of a Seattle-born girl of Japanese parents who grows up in the American tradition overlaid by the formal virtues and customs of Japan as taught in Seattle by a Mr. Ohashi. After Pearl Harbor the Sone family become a number in a "relocation" camp. Monica escaped most of the rigours. She came out of what might in her case be called the episode "with an entirely different outlook, for now I felt more like a whole person instead of a sadly split personality. The Japanese and the American parts of me were now blended into one". Well, it's good to know, and Miss Sone is good-looking.

THE LOTUS AND THE WIND—by John Masters—*Macmillan, pp. 275—$3.75.*

THIS IS an excellent story, and wholesome proof that the modern novel has not perished in the psychological webs which Graham Greenes are weaving. *Ars brevis* and psyche have touched it, as the title shows, but the lotus and the wind come off second-best to the Buchan and the Kipling in it.

It is a tale of northern India and fabulous places like Samarkand, set between the years 1889 and 1891. The hero, an official regimental coward who gets the DSO because of his secret service exploits, is Lieu-

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1 teaspoon of plain syrup
1 fresh egg. Plenty of chopped ice
Add nearly a glassful of rich milk

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tenant Robin Savage of the Indian Army. Savage undertakes the work in order to find his lonely self in the winds of mountain passes between India, China and Russia, and to find the military intentions of Russia, thought to be preparing to invade India. His companion on these adult-Kim adventures is his Gurkha orderly, a memorable figure of faithful service.

His chief opponent is the husband of an enemy Russian agent, in whom the hero recognizes a kindred spirit high in lonely places. The happy resolution of the tale is less convincing than the exotic topographical detail. The Russian fails in Strange's philosophic expectation of him, and Strange returns to his wife and twins to be a normal man capable of loving an ordinary Indian Army officer's wife, though with a hint that he may wander off again. The lotus flower is intended to represent the eternal feminine; the wind, the male dream "of escape and free movement, footloose athwart bare landscapes". It is an expertly told tale, engrossing, out of a geography into which the author was born.

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PORTRAIT OF TANGIER — by Rom Landau — pp. 246 illustrated and indexed — *Ryerson* —$4.50.

FRENCH AUTHORITIES would not let Mr. Landau return to Morocco, for he had written critically of French colonial administration in other books, so he was sequestered in Tangier. This book is a result of his stay, study and observation there. As may be expected from this well-known author, it is thoroughly documented, analytic, opinionated and graphic. He discusses in sequence Tangier's history, rulers (among them the British, 1661-1684), the scene, the "magnet" — "Indian merchants, foreign diplomats, smugglers, adventurers, touts and pimps"—and its foreign communities.

Moorish, Spanish, Arab, French and polyglot, the free, international city of Tangier is theoretically governed now by eight different nations, but Sweden and Russia have refrained from nominating delegates. The French Resident-General at Rabat, 125 miles away in Morocco, is still in strategic control. The heirs of Talleyrand have not entirely lost their cunning.

POEMS OF YEHOASH — Englished from the Yiddish by Isidore Goldstick — pp. 111 — *Canadian Yehoash Committee*—$3.00.

THE TRANSLATOR says that Yehoash has written "priceless poetic masterpieces". A. M. Klein says that "the translation reads like an original". This reader was therefore unprepared for rhymes hand-patted like sand around a child's nasturtium garden and for poetasting verging on doggerel.

There are some good things of distinctive quality, but not priceless; "A Withered Rose" and lines like this, for example:

Pray, drink in my soul
As the earth drinks in
A speck of dew that night has left behind.

Yehoash Solomon Bloomgarden was a scholar and a great man to his people. He was born in Poland about 1870, went to New York in 1890, was almost immediately condemned to death by tuberculosis, went to Colorado to die, worked on his monumental Yiddish translation of the Hebrew Bible, and died in 1927.

MRS. HULETT—by Bertram Bloch—pp. 286—*Doubleday*—$4.00.

LONG BEFORE the end of the evening an audience and cast knew they were sharing a prized moment. So the author says when his leading man, Producer Sam Thomas, opens a new play with star Lily Grainger, the novel's rival to the unusual Mrs. Hulett. Long before the end of this book, readers and publisher must know that they are sharing a prize novel. The signs of success are unmistakable.

The chief characters are important (Mrs. H's car is always recognized; Producer Sam is only once able to have a moment incognito in New York), and the characters move importantly through New York and Washington. The scenario is American grand, yet intimate in boudoirs, café society and little dinners with diplomats. The women are beautiful, dressed and undressed. The telling of the story is intelligent in its polish and sophisticated, by an author who belongs to its world.

The novel opens a top drawer of New York theatre behind stage. Three aspects of special interest: Mr. Hulett who may become President some day and never appears in the story but is part of its ethos; the love passages between Mrs. H. and Sam — sincere, sensitive, but a sophistry of love; and Mrs. Hulett.

The book is subtitled "The Story of an Unusual Woman". This may be the author's rather than the reader's view of her. Until the end one is not quite sure whether she is a politically ambitious woman or an intelligent doll. Perhaps this is usual. Some readers may find Miss Grainger more interesting, before, in or after her numerous baths, Producer Sam being detached attendant.

THE TERROR OF ST. TRINIAN'S—by Timothy Shy and Ronald Searle—pp. 128 and brilliantly illustrated—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.00.

THERE IS ALWAYS danger in the extended joke. Ronald Searle's pictures of malignant, alarmingly nubile schoolgirls inhabiting an education-hell called St. Trinian's are very funny; this book, which seeks to build the pictures into a farce-story, falls a little short of its aim. Nevertheless it has some fine moments, and the notion of a School Inspector stricken with love for a dewy English girl is a noble conception. In a world parched for amusing books, let us not knock this one because it fails to be a Roedean "Zuleika Dobson". Let us praise it for its own fine, if fitful, extravagance.

OUT OF RED CHINA — by Liu Shaw-Tong (translated from the Chinese)—pp. 269—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.75.

LIU SHAW-TONG backed out of the Revolution. Raised as a liberal, the confessor was completing his course in Peking University in 1948 when the Communist armies passed by. He became one of the "higher culture class", a propagandist for the new regime, believing that it was "honorable to bleed for The People". He bled vicariously for several years before he came to full recognition of the answer to a young dissident friend's question in the same hospital: "What is the Revolution but a monster that feeds on its own flesh and grows in the process of doing so?"

"Would you understand me, dear friend," the author asks, "if I told you that I saw an old woman cry because the sun had died in China"? But look! Eastward the land is bright. Liu Shaw-Tong went east to Hong Kong and Formosa, where he now is, forging his own clearance papers. A vivid, timely, human account but not likely to give great comfort to Americans who hope that a Chinese revolution against the Revolution has an imminent possibility of success.

T. J. A.

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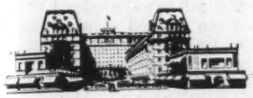

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Films

Aspects of Nature

NIAGARA, as you probably know by this time, features those two natural prodigies, Niagara Falls and Marilyn Monroe. Both take easily to the camera, and both, as photographed, look supremely confident. However they don't compete to any extent. Marilyn, all gotten up to represent her particular aspect of nature, pays little or no attention to Niagara. Niagara, photographed like Marilyn from every possible angle, just keeps rolling along.

Marilyn Monroe is a rather odd phenomenon. She doesn't, to begin with, make the mistake of trying to be an actress. Hers is strictly a walkie-talkie performance, and in that particular field she is perfectly content to specialize. When she walks across the screen in a skin-tight knee-high skirt the spectacle, particularly when viewed from the rear, sets the audience to snickering and whistling, but this appears to be accepted both by the star and by her studio, simply as an endorsement of her special quality. Nothing more is required of her.

All the other great screen exponents of sex, from Harlow to Dietrich, have been able to double very competently in comedy. But little Miss Monroe, though she is often quite funny, never reveals the flicker of a conscious comedy sense. She has learned—or more strictly she has been created—to attract a sort of attention; and as long as the attention is there she apparently feels no further obligation to her public.

In *Niagara* she is presented in a number of outfits, all apparently put on directly over her skin, and all designed to hint that she might more appropriately have come in a plain wrapper. Her mouth, painted wet and dark, is always half open, her eyes are always half closed, and she pants and wriggles a good deal. In fact she seems so completely dedicated to one special function that it is hard to imagine her getting around to the serious business indicated for her in the plot—the arranging to have her neurotic husband (Joseph Cotten) pushed into the river and over the Falls.

Even apart from the Marilyn Monroe performance, it would be difficult to take *Niagara* very seriously as either melodrama or suspense. The plot is laborious and routine and Director Henry Hathaway has done very little to enliven it. The camera has been busy, and Niagara is sedulously played up, not only as a great natural spectacle, but as the continent's busiest tourist resort. The whole picture may easily strike you as the final vulgarization of one of God's greater handiworks.

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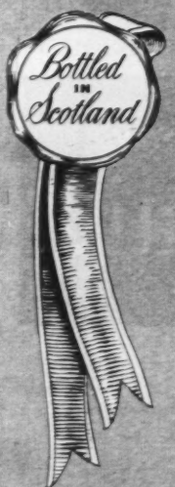

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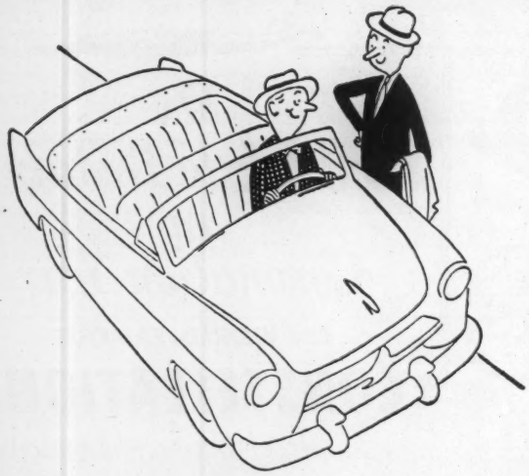

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HAIG & HAIG FIVE STAR ★★★★★ HAIG & HAIG FIVE STAR

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T21

HAIG & HAIG FIVE STAR ★★★★★ HAIG & HAIG FIVE STAR

a brilliant subject for farce, with all the facts distorted and all the probabilities thrown overboard. The modern police state, however, is rather depressing material for comedy, and you are likely to be disappointed if you go to see *No Time for Flowers* in the hope of seeing another *Ninotchka*.

Ninotchka was produced at a time when it was still possible to take an attitude of playful irony to the austerities, discomforts and fanaticisms of the Soviet Union. The lighthearted approach to a bureaucracy of terror is a little harder to maintain however, and *No Time for Flowers* soon begins to collapse under the weight of its ominous material.

This is the story of a Soviet girl secretary (Viveca Lindfors) who is slated for a position in Washington if she can show that she is proof against Western blandishments — nylons, lipstick, champagne, bubble-baths and romantic love. Her instructions are to spy on her boss (Paul Christian) who offers her all these goodies and who, as a member of the secret police himself, is kept busy at the same time spying on *her*. This is legitimate material for melodrama but it hardly fits into the playful formula of romantic comedy. The picture, which was made in Austria, purports to describe life in Czechoslovakia, and the proceedings, darkly photographed, struck me as fairly grim. The high-hearted Czechoslovakian slogan, "You meet all the best people in jail" didn't do much to make things more cheerful.

Fortunately, *No Time for Flowers* is more than balanced by a fascinating documentary, *Under the Red Sea*. This is a record made by Dr. Hans Haas, a passionate ichthyologist, who investigated fish-life in and around the Red Sea coral reefs. Equipped with special underseas respirators and webbed shoes, Dr. Haas and his staff explored the bottom of the sea with cameras, hydrophones and microphones. He wanted to discover whether fish have a language of their own and the microphone revealed that they have—they cheep, bleat, and occasionally moo. His experiments with the hydrophone were even more illuminating, and the oddest underseas sequence in the film shows the Red Sea denizens emerging romantically in pairs to the music of Strauss, tails and fins moving in perfect rhythm to three-quarters time.

The climax of the film with the last-second rescue from the sea-bottom of the one feminine member of the staff seems, rather regrettably, to have been faked. (With all hands engaged in rescue, who took the picture?) This is a minor criticism, however, of a film which in every respect is one of the most extraordinary documentaries of underseas life ever produced.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Imagine carrying a bass fiddle all the way to a party and not being asked to play it! Well, that kind of thing happens all the time.—*From an advertisement for a deodorant.*

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Flying Horses

AUSTRALIAN thoroughbreds can now fly to race meets in what must be a new high in horsey luxury. A transport plane has been fitted up with aluminum boxes upholstered in red leather, as private suites for six fortunate equine passengers.

Could be that the boxes are made from Canadian aluminum, which is shipped all over the free world. This huge export market has helped make possible Canada's king-size aluminum industry, and the growth of more than a thousand independent Canadian manufacturing companies which turn this low-priced, versatile metal to thousands of uses. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

Sports

The Creakin' Deacon

A FEW MONTHS ago, Uncle Michael Strauss Jacobs popped off and those who mourned him, sincerely, were few, but the boys put on a good show at his funeral. They sent him flowers and wreaths which rivalled the charnal decorations at the final obsequies for the late Al Capone. They stuffed him under the ground in one of those stone orchards; the flowers withered and, soon, they were just as dead as Uncle Mike.

Uncle Mike had been America's leading prize-fight promoter. More correctly, he had been a ticket-speculator who inherited the prize-fight industry by default. Despite the fact that some American sports columnists attempted to give him a reasonably affectionate send-off, their printed words were marked by an underlying current of misgiving. It was difficult, or impossible, to forget that Uncle Michael's prize-fight promotions occasionally had been regarded bleakly by the normally-palpitating public. There had been, for instance, the wartime "charity" bout, the proceeds of which would provide, according to international publicity, comforts for the American warriors in the field. The fight was called off when the top-brass discovered that Uncle Mike was putting the bite on the gate receipts for a paltry $250,000 which he insisted, accurately but unpatriotically, was owed to him by the two pugilistic principals.

The Canadian prize-fight industry has an unique promoter in the person of Deacon Jack Allen. Uncle Mike died wealthy and unloved; Deacon Jack Allen is a sure-pop cinch to die broke, but if all his friends attempt to attend the final rites, he'll have the first full-house of his career.

The Deacon was born in Sacramento but he has been a New-Canadian for 35 years, in the past 15 of which he has been based in Toronto. His official status is matchmaker for the Queensbury Athletic Club but he continues to promote fights himself whenever he can get the ear of a friendly banker. Currently, he is promoting amateur fights for television, a venture which he views with mixed feelings. As he glances up from ringside at the television cameras, he thinks of the thousands of viewers sitting comfortably in their own homes and he mutters darkly: "Imagine those bums seeing this for free."

In a business which abounds in jealousies, double-crosses and reverse-English back-slapping, The Deacon is remarkable in that he enjoys the goodwill of rival promoters, fight-managers and the hundreds of press

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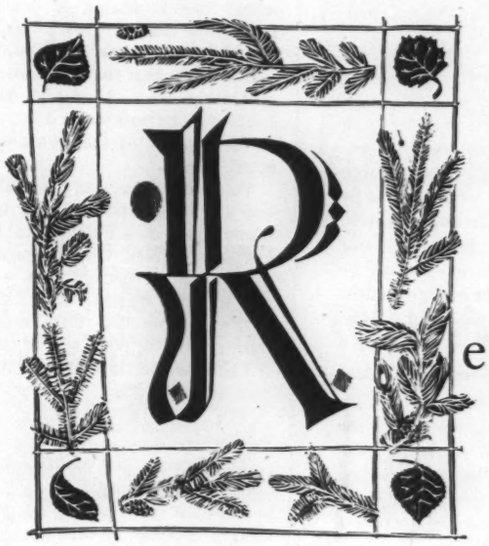

Report from your tenant

Pulp and paper leases its woodlands from the Crown, the people of Canada. Aware of its responsibilities, this industry spends more on forest protection than all the provinces combined. It manages your forests scientifically. It grows more wood than it cuts. Daily, it creates $3 million of new wealth for Canada.

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Help . . . When Wanted

A short while ago a member of our firm received a letter from a friend of his asking for an appointment on a certain day to have a chat about the estate of his mother who had died recently. The friend was a teacher at one of the Canadian colleges and dealt with subjects which did not put him in close contact with business.

The teacher was just passing through Toronto . . . the next day he was to meet his brother who also was an executor and a beneficiary. There were quite large holdings of securities in the estate, and the teacher said that neither he nor his brother knew very much about these matters, that they would be needing help and wondered if we would mind if they called on us. Our partner wanted to know what kind of help he had in mind.

He said, "I don't exactly know; neither of us knows too much about securities . . . and neither of us has ever been an executor of an estate before."

Naturally we were willing to do everything we could and suggested that we might be helpful along these lines . . .

First, to provide a valuation of the securities in the estate as of the date of death. This valuation could be used for probate purposes. Second, when it should become necessary to raise money for succession duty purposes, we felt we could help in advising just what should be sold to provide cash, and what should be kept to fit in soundly with the diverse requirements of the beneficiaries. Third, because of our familiarity with security transfers we could tell them exactly the documents which each transfer agent would require in order to effect change of ownership on registered securities. Fourth, we could sell the securities to raise the necessary cash.

This direct, simple statement of what we could do seemed to clear the air and make our teacher feel better.

Well, that is just about the way it worked out, too. We did all the things we offered to do in exactly the steps outlined above. A good part of it to us was simple . . . routine things we are doing every day. But, when it came to advising what to sell, and what to keep . . . that was not routine. One beneficiary was our teacher, the other a medical doctor and they lived many miles apart. The positions and requirements of the teacher and the doctor were very different. We put a good deal of thought into what should be sold to raise cash and more thought on the division of the rest of the securities. Finally we came up with a suggestion which we felt best fitted the individual needs and desires of the teacher and the doctor, and on which they acted.

Most individuals who act as executors are members of the immediate family or close friends . . . usually, they have never been executors before. The unknown seems difficult and complicated. Our experience helped the teacher and his brother. To assist with estate or any other problems of investment there are experienced people in any of our offices ready to help you, too.

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and radio men from coast to coast. Of course, it is difficult to have anything but respect for a man who is courageous enough to put ice cubes and seltzer tablets in a tumbler of Chianti. The Deacon also puts seltzer tablets in gin or rye but he prefers them mixed with his Chianti.

Deacon Jack's popularity probably stems from the fact that he is a perfect example of "how to be happy although financially insolvent." To see him in the office of his little gymnasium, you'd think that he'd never had a worry in the world. Although he admits to crowding sixty, he has only a couple of grey hairs to which he refers bitterly as "stool pigeons." He sits in his office, pecking away at his portable typewriter and occasionally bending his ear to listen to the seltzer tablets fizzing in his glass. In another chair sits his social secretary, Michael Lochinvar Levinsky.

It is likely that the long association of Deacon Jack Allen and Michael Lochinvar Levinsky provides a clue to the mystery of the former's character.

Thirteen years ago, The Deacon was operating another gym on the second floor of a building on Toronto's Bond Street. One afternoon, he stepped out of his office to watch a pair of boys sparring in the ring. A strange, dishevelled little man was staring from the other side of the ring.

The Deacon looked at the little man and said: "Scat!"

The little man merely looked wounded.

The Deacon picked up a baseball bat and said: "Scat!"

The little man still didn't move.

The Deacon swung the baseball bat menacingly and chased the little man down the stairs and right out into the street.

The performance was repeated four times during the afternoon.

Exhausted by his athletic endeavors, Mr. Allen locked the gymnasium door early that evening and went home to his room in the Walsingham Hotel, a hostelry which he was pleased to refer to as "The Dancing Pig."

The next afternoon, Mr. Allen went back to the gymnasium, unlocked the door, trudged up the stairs and then recoiled as he reached the top step.

The little man was standing apologetically beside the ring. He had spent the night hiding under the canvas ring apron.

And that was the beginning of the beautiful friendship between Deacon Jack Allen and Michael Lochinvar Levinsky. Mike is a harmless fellow who suffers from the innocent delusion that he is a former heavyweight champion, although he weighs only 126 pounds and never has worn a glove except in jest. Allen feeds him, clothes him and treats him very gently.

Allen recalls genially that he was fleeced in his very first business venture. He appointed himself as booking agent for The Great Herman, a tight-wire performer. When Allen was packing their gear after their initial engagement, The Great Herman visited the box-office, picked up their pay and disappeared into the night. Since then, Allen has been broke in Sacramento, broke in San Francisco, broke in Anchorage, Alaska, broke in Vancouver, broke in Lethbridge, broke in Winnipeg, broke in Montreal, broke in Toronto and broke in New York. It was in New York, incidentally, while he was assistant matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, that he acquired his nickname. His d o l e f u l l y dignified progress through the flotsam and jetsam of Jacobs Beach reminded the New York scribes of a church deacon.

Mr. Allen shrugs philosophically when he recalls these minor disasters. Financial reverses are an occupational hazard in the prize-fight industry. Mr. Allen is buoyed up when he remembers what happened to two of his childhood playmates, Jack Kearns, who guided Jack Dempsey to the heavyweight championship, and Ancil Hoffman, who managed Max Baer to the heavyweight title.

When Baer was fighting Kingfish Levinsky in Reno, Nevada, Hoffman was guaranteed $200,000. Accordingly, he stationed himself in the box-office until he had collected $200,000 from the advance seat sale. He rushed right down to the bank and deposited all the money. Baer beat Levinsky that night and the bank didn't open the next morning. As a matter of fact, the bank NEVER reopened. Mr. Hoffman still carries his bank book, though, just for the heck of it.

Then there was the case of Doc Kearns. Mr. Allen and Mr. Kearns always punched each other in the ribs when they recalled that one. Kearns collected $300,000 from one of Dempsey's bouts and, just so it wouldn't go astray, he turned it over to his sister in San Francisco. Six months later, Kearns telephoned his sister from Chicago and told her he needed a miserable $20,000 of his $300,000. He laughed himself silly when she told him what had happened—she'd turned over the entire $300,000 to a curly-haired gentleman from Los Angeles, who told her that he was going to invest it in gold stocks. Strangely enough, she didn't hear from the curly-haired gentleman again and the cad didn't even bother to send her the stock certificates.

All this just goes to show that for every millionaire in the prize-fight industry, there is a broken heart.

Mr. Allen never has bothered to explain how he acquired so many friends in his spirited passage through this troubled world, but he came pretty close to it the other night. Dropping two seltzer tablets into his Chianti, he lifted the glass to his ear, listened to it fizz and observed: "You gotta close one eye to make a friend—to keep him, you gotta close both eyes."

JAMES COLEMAN

•

Help Wanted: Full or part time men and women to sell nationally advertised specialty product. — Advertisement in the *Toronto Telegram*.

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Business

Of Metals, Markets And Stocks

Ashley & Crippen

JAMES S. DUNCAN, President, Massey-Harris Co., Ltd.

WITH THE big broom of the new Administration in Washington rapidly sweeping away the last vestiges of the tangle of price, wage and commodity controls in the United States and a steady trend toward free markets observable in Britain, the price pattern of the key base metals, lead zinc and copper are important indicators of world economic trends.

Lead and zinc prices have been falling for some time, with prices for lead in New York retreating from a high of 19 cents to 13½ cents and zinc from 19.9 cents to 11½ cents. Copper, now freed from price controls, is stabilizing near the 29 cent mark, after being held down to 24½ cents.

As these three metals, together with steel, nickel and aluminum, form the building blocks for all the products of industry, we must look at the general business picture to estimate the marketing pattern ahead.

The outlook for world business depends largely upon the pattern set for the American economy by the new Administration in Washington. Part of this pattern is forecast by Mr. Eisenhower's statement that "we will end the planned inflation of the New Deal".

This will involve balancing the budget by a curtailment of Federal expenditures, reduction of the public debt and a deflation of the present public over-confidence which threatens a runaway credit boom; in short, a policy of mild deflation.

Political wisdom alone, in addition to the economic factors, dictates that these measures must be applied now so that the primary effects will have passed before the mid-term elections in 1954.

Reduction of the public debt, now close to its statutory limit, will require the maintenance of a high level of taxation, while balancing the budget will demand the pruning of some $10 billion of prospective Federal expenditures. Halting of the credit boom, now at a record $24 billion peak of consumer debt, will necessitate the imposition of controls similar to regulation "W" should the monetary measures now being invoked prove ineffective. Regulation "W" specified down payments and repayment periods for consumer goods such as cars and TV sets.

Should all or any of these measures be taken, the American economy, the key marketing area of the free world, will suffer from a considerable contraction in demand for both consumer goods and raw materials. This would have immediate repercussion in Canada and in the Sterling area where, as Sir Archibald Nye, High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Canada, said in a recent speech to the Toronto Board of Trade, the post-Korean boom had collapsed.

A further threat to the demand for raw materials is the definite possibility that the powerful Automobile Workers Union, headed by Walter Reuther, will force a strike on General Motors, as guinea pig of the industry, with the dual objective of shattering the present wage contracts and forcing the Administration into a trial of strength.

The futures market in New York, where prices for the delivery of lead and zinc in April are considerably under the prevailing prices for "spot" or immediate cash delivery, seem to be discounting a decline in demand and reduced production, under the influence of these factors. In addition, the press of supplies from Empire and other sources is evident in the reported offerings of these supplies at from ¼ to ½ cents below spot prices.

With imports rising sharply, 1952 saw net U.S. imports of copper increase 89,278 tons to 439,560, lead 137,000 tons to 637,000 and zinc 153,000 tons to 504,067. Now, with more than two years' supply of lead and zinc in Government stockpiles, and demand reportedly "only moderate", lower prices are indicated. It would not be surprising to see lead and zinc sell in the 8 to 10 cent range and copper, after the short term de-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Who's Who in Business

ONE DAY in 1949, the year when he marked his 40th anniversary with the Massey-Harris Co. Ltd., James Stuart Duncan was presented with a thick, leather-bound volume. Inside were the 14,000 signatures of fellow-workers at the company of which he had just been named Chairman of the Board.

It was an appropriate gift for the man who, in an interview some years before, had listed "loyalty to fellow-workers" as an essential ingredient for success.

The concern he had expressed over their welfare was honest; he was proud of the record then, and he is even prouder today that not one of the vast Massey-Harris plants throughout the world has ever been subjected to strike action in over 30 years of operation.

An international commuter on a grand scale, the energetic Mr. Duncan is constantly making trips across Canada, to the U.S., Britain, and most of the other 50 countries throughout the world where the company over which he presides does business through divisions or branches.

"Maintaining personal contact" is what he terms it, and on his return from such trips he is prompt in calling meetings at which he can pass on his personal impressions.

James Stuart Duncan was a cosmopolite before he was out of his teens. Born in Paris, France, of Scottish parentage, he went to school there until he was 14, by which time his father had decided that a formal education was interfering too much with the boy's need to learn the farm machinery business. So, for young Jimmy, it was out of school and into the life of the much-travelled European businessman, accompanying his father on numerous trips.

Two years later, at 16, he was in Germany as the humblest member of the world-wide Massey-Harris chain, an office boy in the Berlin branch.

Like the wheat, which more and more of the company's scarlet combines were harvesting, the company's operations grew and grew. And progressing along with the company was James Stuart Duncan.

The following year found him in Canada where he had a three-day holiday in Toronto, lavishly spending the $40 his father had given him, before beginning work as a $9-a-week factory hand at Massey-Harris.

And so the young Scot started his upward climb on the Massey-Harris ladder. Army service in World War I, when he rose to Captain's rank, was followed by a succession of jobs in the company's European offices—jobs accomplished so satisfactorily that by 1932 he was European general manager and the following year on the way to Buenos Aires to head the company's South American organization.

It was while on his way to South America that he took the first step toward further internationalizing his family. On the boat he met a beautiful girl from Cordoba, in the south of Spain; four years later she became

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

Gold & Dross

Steep Rock Iron

IN VIEW *of the news given out recently on Steep Rock Iron Mines, where Inland Steel has leased an ore body from the Company, would you consider Steep Rock a good investment at this price of $9?—T. Y. O., Prince Albert, Sask.*

Steep Rock, at this price, is not considered to be an exceptionally "good buy". Despite the entry of Inland Steel into the area, the fundamental picture for Steep Rock has changed very little, with the exception that the $8 million provided for prepayment of royalties eliminates any possibility of new financing or working capital being required.

While Steep Rock will eventually grow into an important supplier of the American steel industry, the present price would seem to discount fully all developments to date.

Dividends can hardly be expected to commence before another two or three years have elapsed and this assumption is subject to correction by the variations in demand for iron ore over the next few years.

The steel business is highly cyclic in character, with wide swings in the demand for steel. Except for a few grades such as automobile sheet, the demand for steel is showing definite signs of levelling off now and warehouse stocks are rising rapidly with most common grades in good supply.

Thus we are inclined to the view that a better buying level for the stock will appear if patience is exercised. From the technical point of view, our charts show that a heavy concentration of supply was laid down near 10 in 1951 and this supply, plus short term trading liquidation "on the news", proved potent enough to halt the advance in the price at 9¾.

Analysis of the chart patterns indicates a retreat to about 7 is possible and we would suggest deferring buying action until a price recession occurs.

Chamberlain Oil & Gas

I OWN *some shares of Chamberlain Oil and Gas Co., which cost me around 18 cents and are now quoted on the Toronto exchange around 30 cents. Is this stock one that holds promise over "a long pull" or is it such that a profit should now be taken?—W. K. N., Westmount, Que.*

The most recent reports on Chamberlain show that the company owns, fully, three producing oil wells and one gas well in the South Edmonton field. This field is a relatively new discovery.

A gross interest is held in some 190,000 acres in Alberta, which includes a 25 per cent interest in 80,000 acres in the Grand Prairie area and 20 per cent interest in 70,000 acres in the Bindloss area.

Current assets of $368,000 against liabilities of $7,663 give the company sufficient working capital to continue development work and increase oil reserves, now rated at some 600,000 barrels. Measured against the 4 million share capitalization, of which 3.5 million have been issued, these assets are somewhat overvalued at the present price of the stock. Improvement in the cash position of the treasury by the sale of the remaining stock or expansion of the oil reserves would tend to correct this.

Basically the company appears sound and with considerable oil news in the making it would seem advisable to hold your shares for a while.

American Yellowknife

WOULD YOU *recommend buying American Yellowknife mines as a speculation?—F. P. C., Oshawa, Ont.*

No: this stock has been jiggled around for a year between 70 and 22 cents to market optioned stock. At last report, only 355,000 shares remain in the treasury, so it seems unlikely that much "pushing" will be done now. Operations were suspended a short time ago on the O'Connor Lake base metal property.

New Continental Oil

WILL YOU *give me some information on New Continental Oils? I would like an opinion on the company's prospects.*
—Mrs. R. L. C., Calgary.

At last report, New Continental had oil reserves in Alberta of 3.5 million barrels and reserves in the Spraberry area of Texas of 17 million barrels, net acreage of 1,447,000 acres and working capital of $192,346.

On the basis of a 6 million share capitalization, this gives reserves of 3.4 barrels per share, which, if valued on the 40 per cent barrel basis used by Standard Oil of New Jersey, gives a valuation of $1.36, plus working capital of 6 cents of $1.42. Just about in line with the current market price of $1.30.

The low ratio of working capital to acreage, amounting to roughly 10 cents per acre, poses a rather difficult problem for the company in continuing exploration while meeting the expenses of leases, etc. It would appear that some new financing will be necessary to supplement production income as the severe limiting of production allowables in Alberta (which will be in force until new transportation facilities become available), and the reduction in production allowables by the Texas conservation authorities, will

hold earnings down. 1952 earnings, while not yet available, have been estimated to be about 16 cents per share.

This lack of working capital would seem to be the most doubtful factor in the situation. What proposals the new management makes at the annual meeting to correct it should be examined carefully.

Radiore Uranium

What is the matter with Radiore Uranium? It doesn't seem to have enjoyed anything like the popularity of other uranium stocks, and yet appears to be one of the soundest. I am glad Gold & Dross has been revived, I enjoy reading it.—L. P., Noranda.

Radiore made a recent high of 1.14 from a low of 64 cents. The mild movement, in comparison with the skyrocket performance of some of the uraniums, is likely because half of the claims the Company owns in the "hot" Beaverlodge area were leased to Eldorado for $50,000 and a 50 cent per pound royalty on any uranium produced from the Ace property.

Meanwhile, the Company is exploring some 750 acres of claims on the east arm of Great Slave Lake. Radiore appears to be in good financial shape and has a good side bet in its participation in the western oil fields, which has developed reserves of an estimated 800,000 barrels.

Yukeno Mines

Can you give me some information on Yukeno Mines Ltd.? There has been no news of this company for six months. They hold very extensive properties in the Mayo district and apparently are well financed. The stock has dropped from over a dollar down to 40 cents. Is it worth holding?—A. Y. J., Toronto.

Yukeno is facing the same problem that all lead-zinc producers are facing in the downward trend of metal prices. Costs of operation, especially in a high cost area where freight costs are a formidable factor in operations, may now exceed potential earnings.

Finances, which at last report (June 30, 1952) amounted to $114,692 cash, $100,000 trust notes, $73,000 accounts receivable and 650,000 shares of Mackeno mines (present market value $390,000) against liabilities of $19,415, or 13 cents per share, seem adequate to bring the property into production if the cost-price ratio justifies it.

Prospects of this at the present time appear rather dim. Thus the old rule of "cut your losses" would seem to apply.

Coldstream Copper

I have some Coldstream Copper shares that I bought much higher than the present 60 cents it is selling for. Can you tell me why this stock slumped so badly and have I any hopes of getting my money back?—J. Mc. D., Scarborough, Ont.

The main reason why the stock slumped was the revelation last Fall that the Company's treasury did not contain sufficient funds to continue the work under way.

The sponsors of the stock now plan to offer 300,000 of the 625,000 pooled shares to stockholders on the basis of one share for each eight held. The sponsors also obtain new options on an additional 625,000 shares.

If this marketing operation is successful, refinancing by reorganization or an increase in the capitalization can be avoided.

A resumption of work at the property is scheduled for the first of April and arrangements are now being made to pump out the old workings.

As this property is mostly a low grade proposition, with copper values of from 1 to 2.25 per cent and cobalt values of .14 per cent, the trend of metal prices will be a major factor in determining if the mine will become a commercial producer. We might add that several other companies foundered on the same property, which was first worked by the Tip Top Mine back before 1900.

Technically, from the market action of the stock, an advance to about 1.30 is possible. Supply above this level will likely prove difficult to overcome.

3 Per Cent Canada Bonds

I am interested in Dominion of Canada 3 per cent perpetual bonds which are quoted at 86-87. Would you explain why these bonds are so much lower than other Government bonds? — F. J. C., Dalhousie, N.B.

The chief reason for this apparent discrepancy is that there is no maturity, or date of recall, on these bonds, as indicated by the classification of perpetual.

If you check the yield available on the various issues of government bonds, you will find that those closest to their maturity dates are the highest on the price scale and these prices are set, by the market, to approximate the yield of the latest issue, the 3¼ per cent coupon bonds.

Bonds, due to be called in a few years, offer a capital gain when bought under par to those willing to hold them to maturity. Perpetuals do not. Therefore, being the least attractive bonds to investors, they take the last position on the list.

No Value

H. A. C., Daytona Beach, Fla: West Plains Oil Resources must be considered as defunct as no trace can be found of the Company. The shares you hold are of no value.

M. M. H., North Bay:

MacNabb Gold Mines have ceased operation, to the best of our knowledge. No value can be attached to your shares.

G. T., Montreal:

The Terrebonne Mine charter was cancelled in 1952 and all claims were abandoned. No assets are reported.

R. G. K., Maple, Ont.:

Vanacor Gold Mines have been inactive since 1946.

Financing

Canadian Industry

The increasingly competitive nature of today's markets often requires new and improved methods of industrial production.

A modernization program may demand more funds than are readily available from company resources. This problem may be aggravated by the need for increased working capital necessitated by high costs of production and raw materials.

Executives of corporations with a problem of this nature are invited to communicate with us concerning the availability of additional capital.

Enquiries will receive careful attention.

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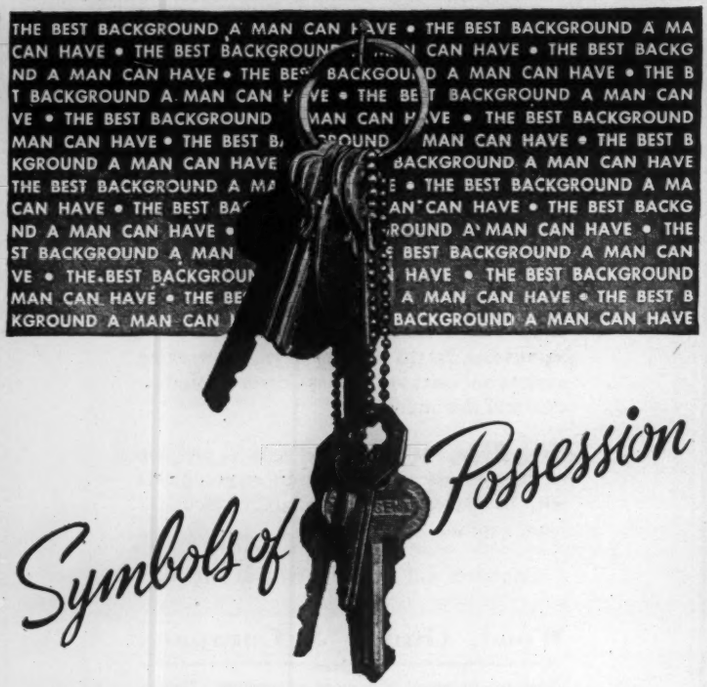
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Insurance

Insured Driving

NOW AT PRESENT, in seven provinces —New Brunswick, Quebec and Saskatchewan are the exceptions— motorists are paying small amounts, in addition to car license costs, that are earmarked for the pertinent Provincial Unsatisfied Judgment Fund.

It seems there are still many who regard this extra as just another irritating sort of tax gyp. They pay it resignedly, grumble and seek no enlightenment although pamphlets on the subject are usually available.

In a nutshell: an Unsatisfied Judgment Fund is the soundest expression yet devised of *Government in the automobile insurance business.*

Those italics indicate that this sort of appreciation is considered sheer heresy by all good Free Enterprisers. But the Fund is a valuable form of "insurance" for car owners and operators not otherwise available to them.

Complementing provincial Safety and Financial Responsibility laws, an unsatisfied judgment fund steps in where the offending motorist, without insurance or means, is held responsible in damages by the courts. Those who have suffered financially at the hands of such improvident people are not left to whistle for their money—the Fund pays.

But, says the sceptic, "it's a long chance that any car likely to tangle with mine is without insurance in these prosperous times. Why should I contribute to someone else's 'bad luck' fund?"

Yet realization that about every ninth automobile has no financial security is a sobering idea. And when the Fund has disbursed monies in payment of a judgment incurred by an errant and impecunious motorist, matters do not rest there. The man judged guilty of the offense that prompted the payment is *out of circulation as a driver* until he repays the Fund, at very least.

An irresponsible character caught in the net usually remains just as unaccountable after conviction: he rarely gets around to reimbursing the Fund. By the same token, he never drives dangerously again, or whatever his besetting sin was. He simply doesn't drive again.

Safety responsibility laws and Unsatisfied Judgment Funds in Canada are doing a remarkable job of banishing bad traffic security risks.

Life Here is Tops

A "FIRST" for Canada that doesn't enter into rebuttal often enough during talk-fests—e.g., with Texans who are pretty good and lovable "firsters" — rests right in the record of life insurance. Canada leads the world in the ratio of life insurance in force to national income.

Canadians hold life insurance to a total greater by upwards of 10% than the country's annual overall income. Runner-up is the U.S., some twelve points behind Canada, while the United Kingdom, Switzerland and the Netherlands rank next with life coverage amounting to six months' national income.

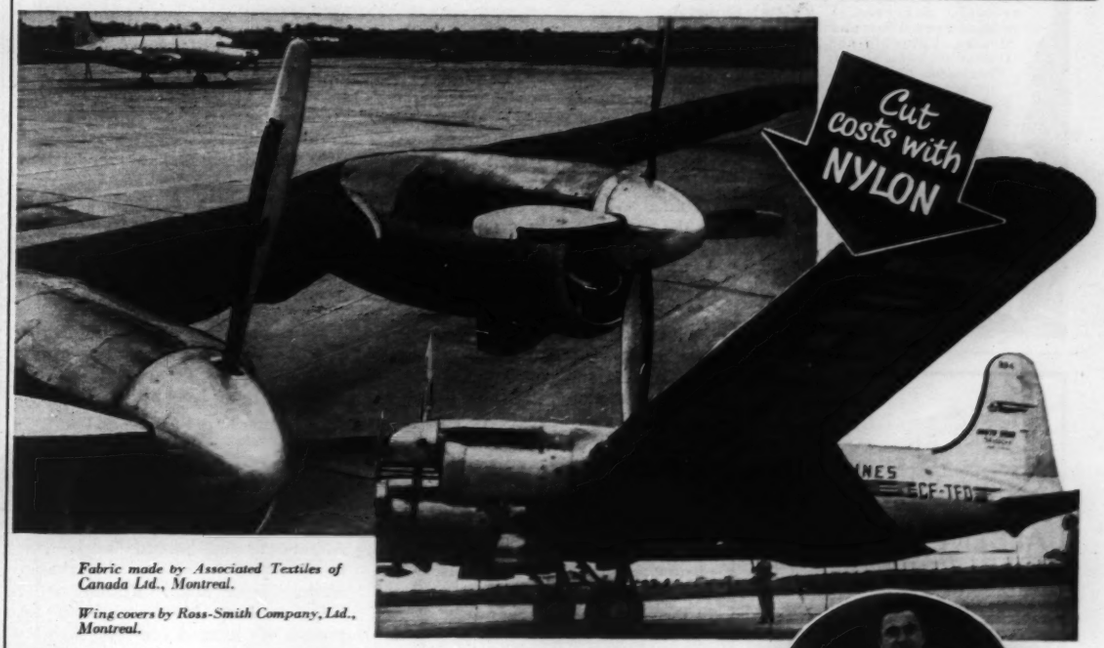
With the smiling Texan's allowance that Canada sure 'nuf seems to have an edge over the Lone Star state and its forty-seven suburbs in one respect anyhow, the gratified cousin might well engage himself introspectively while waving his maple leaf.

Historians will doubtless place emphasis on the part life insurance is playing—and has played—in the twentieth century when the record is finally edited for prosperity. For Canada, this is a Life Insurance age.

Within a half century the years of man's life expectancy have been extended from 47 to 68, largely due to greater interest in public health activity. Two victorious wars against tyranny have been waged with the vital assistance of policy-holders' savings. Millions today can thank the life insurance investment of other millions for a roof over their heads.

Business and industry find themselves up to the hilt in the blessings of life insurance too. Employee relations and efficiency have been given an incalculable lift by group life and pension plan developments so sharply in the ascendant during recent years. And, of course, the rising importance of industrial securities in life company portfolios tells the story of a profound and basic concern with Canada's glittering future.

G. L. PRATT



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Wing covers by Ross-Smith Company, Ltd., Montreal.

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Metals and Markets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

mand is satisfied, settle back near the 24 cent mark.

New mines, now coming into production in the U.S. and with the stepped up flow of scrap copper, will soon satisfy the short term demand. Scrap copper, after the initial price upsurge, is not showing price easiness.

How well new cars sell this Spring will be considered a key indication of the level of industrial demand for metals.

Of more immediate interest to the investor is the probable trend of base metal stock prices. The chart of Consolidated Mining and Smelting has been selected as representative of the senior producers. It illustrates the broad uptrend that carried base metal stock prices from the extreme lows recorded in 1940 to the 1952 highs. In the case of Smelters this meant a swing, with the prices converted on the basis of the 1952 five for one split, from 5⅝ to 42⅜. Much of the advance from 1944 was motivated by the increase in earnings and dividends (see chart) made possible by the rise in lead, zinc and copper prices from 5, 6 and 12 cents in 1945 to 19, 19.9 and 29.5 cents in 1952.

The turn in the tide of metal prices ended the long uptrend in the stock last August at 39 and a six-month retreat, which brought the price to a new low of 29½ recently, got under way. A broad "head of distribution" is now apparent on the chart, with selling continuing in anticipation of further dividend reductions.

Taking the 1951 production figures, the latest available, of 325 million pounds of lead, 329 million pounds of zinc and 1.3 million pounds of copper, we can readily visualize the reduction in earnings resulting from each cent decline in metal prices. Assuming a return to 1947 prices for lead and zinc of 12 and 10 cents per pound, we can estimate per share earnings of $2.00-2.25 and a dividend rate of about $1.60 for the year.

On the current yield of 6.2 per cent this would indicate an average stock price of 25 with a test of 22 technically possible.

From the market action of the past decade this stock should be bought for long-term holdings when the yield is near 10 per cent, as at the lows of 1947, 1949 and 1950. Long-term supply will be evident near 34.

W. P. SNEAD

James S. Duncan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Mrs. Duncan. Today they are parents of two teen-age girls, and Jimmy, aged seven.

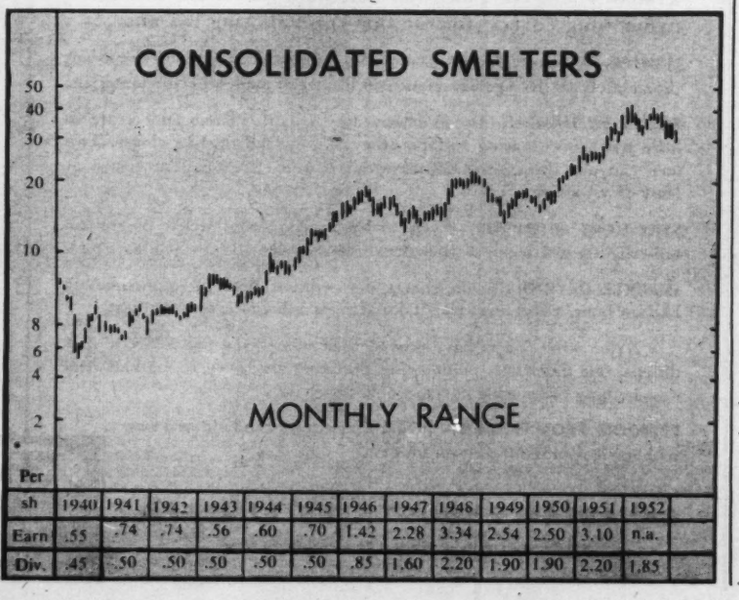
By the time he got back to Canada he had been away for 16 years; but he soon made up for lost time. From arrival in Toronto as General Sales Manager in 1935, to apointment as President, just six years elapsed. And eight years after that, at 56, he was named Board chairman.

Since that date his initials, which appear on everything from office memos to his green book matches, have become widely known not only throughout the firm but in a dozen other organizations also. As a director of a batch of companies as diverse as Canadian Liquid Air Company Ltd., and Odeon Theatres of Canada, his "spare time" is all but monopolized by work.

Like many other businessmen the 5 ft. 9 inch company president has been associated with a score of government and community jobs ranging from Deputy Minister of Defence for Air during the Second World War to his membership on the Dollar-Sterling Trade Board. Rushing about helps to keep his figure trim (at present it's around 164 lbs.).

But the multi-lingual James Duncan (Spanish, French, German) wouldn't have it any other way. He likes to be busy and likes the country he's chosen as home. Of Canada he once said: "I can't think of a better country to live in and I can't think of a better country in which to raise my children. Nowhere is there such unbounded opportunity, so many frontiers to be opened. And nowhere are there so many sure signs of the approach of a new era of expansion and prosperity".

JOHN WILCOCK



Per sh	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948	1949	1950	1951	1952
Earn	.55	.74	.74	.56	.60	.70	1.42	2.28	3.34	2.54	2.50	3.10	n.a.
Div.	.45	.50	.50	.50	.50	.50	.85	1.60	2.20	1.90	1.90	2.20	1.85

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COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 62

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held on February 23rd, 1953, a dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable April 1st, 1953, to shareholders of record March 16th, 1953.

By Order of the Board,

A. M. DOUDA, Secretary

Hamilton, Ontario,
February 26th, 1953.

Johns - Manville Corporation

DIVIDEND

The Board of Directors declared a dividend of 75c per share on the Common Stock payable March 12, 1953, to holders of record March 2, 1953.

ROGER HACKNEY, Treasurer

Conversation Pieces:

NEXT week is Book Week, with Canadian authors much in demand as speakers at luncheons and dinners . . . next week, too, the publication by Collins of a new novel by Grace Campbell, called "Torbeg" after hero's Scottish farm and set in the times of Bonnie Prince Charlie . . . engagement of Marjorie Gordon, daughter of late novelist "Ralph Connor", to Lt.-Gen. E. K. Smart, Consul-General for Australia in New York . . . March 13, Ford Theatre putting on Mazo de la Roche's "Whiteoaks" with Jane Mallett in Ethel Barrymore role . . . mementoes and letters of Pauline Johnson presented to her namesake IODE Chapter, second oldest in Vancouver . . . Recent 40th anniversary of charter day luncheon of American Woman's Club in Montreal . . . vanity extending to male species with beauty news that men are copying the painted silver hair streak for a distinguished look.

Women

RETURN to grandma's day in the Paris news from Princess Gourielli (Helena Rubinstein) that the nightdress is replacing pyjamas . . . Montrealer Pierette Alarie and her 36-doll collection in Paris, where Pierette is signed by the Paris Opera to star in "Lakme" . . . the recent 87th birthday of Mrs. George Black, first lady of the Yukon . . . engagement of Clare Macgillivray of Vancouver, daughter of the late John Campbell Macgillivray of Kingston, Ont., at one time High Commissioner for Canada to the Union of South Africa . . . consistency of women proved by the University Alumnae Dramatic Club, Toronto, with unbroken record of entering every Dominion Drama Festival since its inception, and this year presenting T. S. Eliot's "Family Reunion", March 20 . . . Quota Club of Vancouver choosing Mrs. Henry Angus as their "Woman of the Year", for her 3,000-vote margin at the School Board polls . . . Monique Miller, recent winner of best actress award in Western Quebec Regional Drama Festival, also receiving plaudits as the new Marie Ange in the film version of Fridolin's controversial "Ti-Coq" . . . in jewellery news, stole and scarf pins . . . Fay Doyle of Ottawa with brand new CA degree, one of the few chartered accountants of her sex in Canada . . . gloves for spring either very, very short or extremely long . . . soprano Gwendolyn Smart of Ottawa making New York Town Hall debut this Saturday, under professional name of Geddes . . . Mrs. H. S. Armstrong, Vancouver, new President of BC Council of Women.

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Tomato soup is the top favourite in most homes, but Heinz makes several other cream soups, all rich with cream. Look over your grocer's shelves and try them all. You know they're good because they're Heinz.

Seven Authors Sketch The Ideal Woman

IT WAS prehistoric man, probably, who growled the first: "Women! We can't live with them and we can't live without them." However, we doubt if he cared about an ideal. His woman was more likely to be chosen for utilitarian purposes than for her beauty or conversation.

But in the years that followed men had more time to think about such things and began to visualize the "ideal" woman. There have been many versions, and writers, in particular, have created ideal vixens and ideal goddesses.

What do male authors today consider the ideal woman?

The Gallic point of view on women is always interesting, and we got this from Roger Lemelin of Quebec:

"My ideal woman? What a silly question! As if men, who are supposedly practical, entertained such illusions! A woman is unbearably detestable at the moment she reaches perfection.

"Moral perfection: I admire saints, but they bore me. Physical perfection: only TV and Hollywood producers make money out of it. Else it ruins those who are not in the show business.

"My ideal woman? There is a tale which says that the ideal woman is the one acting as A-one cook in the kitchen, as perfect hostess in the living room, and unbeatable mistress in the conjugal room.

"To tell you frankly, I prefer less conformist perfections. I would rather choose an A-one cook in the living room, a perfect hostess in the conjugal room, and an unbeatable mistress in the kitchen, because (a) she would stir my imagination (b) she would be a solid excuse for my inability to understand woman and (c) happiness kills the creative power of writers! Now, where is she?"

WOULD a humorist like Eric Nicol of Vancouver dream up a witty creature who could toss verbal firecrackers back at him? Says Mr. Nicol:

"Theophile Gautier, a Frenchman who had devoted a good deal of research to the subject, once defined the ideal mistress as 'small enough that a man can carry her from the couch to the bed, large enough that he doesn't have to search the sheets for her once she's there.'

"Gautier's judgment is, I believe, definitive. (Cf. Rodgers and Hammerstein: 'A doll I can carry, the girl that I marry, must be.') That takes care of the physical side. Details of the lady's beauty are mostly a matter of taste. The essential for the ideal woman is that she be portable and accessible.

"The ideal woman has a good passive sense of humor. She laughs readily at her man's jokes, but doesn't try to be verbally funny herself. When she wants to make her man laugh, she tickles his person. The literal tickle is a must.

"The ideal woman is intellectual enough to have informed opinions on all matters, and is intelligent enough to keep them to herself unless unduly provoked. Instead of trying to do everything her man does, she enjoys doing all the things he doesn't do. She is close without being clinging, fair without make-up and faithful without being obvious. Oh, yes, I almost forgot—the ideal woman is also non-existent."

ARTHUR L. PHELPS, Department of English, McGill University, recently caused quite a flurry with a radio talk entitled, "Our Women—Are They Human?" So we thought his ideal woman would have to be a paragon indeed. And here are the qualities listed by the Professor:

(1) She should be nobly planned; that takes care of general architecture, underpinning and superstructure.

(2) She should be ornamental on appropriate occasions; that provides for the boudoir and breakfast table.

(3) Now and again her eyes should be like stars; that takes care of the Bendix washer moment and the "Do you still love me?" query.

(4) She should haunt him quite a bit, startle him sometimes, and have capacities for making him feel regularly like a bank that has been looted; that involves a good deal.

(5) Occasionally he should be able to discriminate between her face and her countenance; that puts make-up in its place.

(6) She should be able to scrub floors and stand on a hilltop in the wind; that suggests variety.

(7) She should have a will of her own, with some skill in making it seem his; that's called her art.

(8) Periodically, she should seem perfect; that makes her a woman.

FROM MONTREAL, novelist Hugh MacLennan writes: "Officially all women are ideal, even an army of American mothers marching in a lobby on the White House. So you don't catch me on that one!

"Unofficially I would embarrass no woman who ever lived by putting her on a pedestal, an eminence her practical nature finds cold, uncomfortable and solitary. Except in the literal sense, there is no such thing as a female stuffed shirt. So you don't catch me on that one either!

"Privately I have discovered with advancing years that idealism is less interesting, and infinitely poorer in parts and scope, than reality.

"In 102 B.C. the Roman censor, Metellus Numidicus, spoke thus from the rostrum: 'If we could all live without women, gentlemen, how free we would be! But since nature has so arranged matters that life can never be easy with them, while without them it cannot even exist, our policy should aim at a chronic state of safety rather than at a transitory pleasure.'

"I consider the opinion of that old patrician to be highly undemocratic, and I have a poor opinion of the statesmanship of any man who would utter such a thought, even if he were so misguided as to hold it."

HUGH GARNER at first insisted his ideal woman was a dead one; then he reconsidered, thus: "There have been many ideal women in my life, and each one was different from the others. Requesting me to pick out *the* ideal woman is like requesting a condemned man to choose the way he wants to be killed; any choice is going to be painful.

"The married man (like me) who says his wife is the ideal woman is a coward; and the man who picks another woman is a fool. I am both, so I will dodge the question, and speak in generalities.

"My ideal woman is one who is too ugly to be a strip-tease artist and too good-looking to be a lady wrestler. She should be clean and dainty, and know how to swing a broom or a hammer, and fold a shirt and a diaper. She should not be a pseudo-intellectual, nor split her vowels like a women's club convenor, making 'Yes' into 'Ye-as'. She should not try to keep up with the Joneses, nor snub the girls she worked with in the laundry. In other words she should be natural—and then she'd be every man's ideal."

ANYONE who could dream up a "Green Madonna" ought to have ideas on an ideal woman, and C. E. L'Ami of Winnipeg does. He claims that "if this cold country has one really sore lack, it must be of ardent women." He does agree that Canadian women are "beautiful, socially competent and dress well; but are also cool-headed, practical, resolute in mind and firm of purpose. Whether it is due to climate or to the 'advance' of women into industry, I suppose no one can tell. But it leaves a deficiency. All of which is a roundabout way of saying an essential element in the ideal woman is that she should be feminine."

A phone call to Toronto's Morley Callaghan about his ideal woman brought a forthright reaction. "Why should I stick my neck out?" this realist inquired, and then he softened to the point where he said, "You can quote me as saying I am not discontented with women. I have no complaints." So every woman can think herself Mr. Callaghan's ideal.

M. N.

Food

SEVEN well-known writers have gone on record on the preceding page, with their ideas about the "ideal woman". We asked another famous author for his opinion on another type of "dish". And Thomas Costain came back with sour milk doughnuts.

Writes Mrs. Costain: "His fondness for these is terrific and he helps to make them—I making the batter and putting them in the hot fat, and he taking over the cooking, sugaring and eating of them. But alas! We don't do this very often now." Reason: too fattening. We also learned that pies are tops with him. Once he started a list of pies he liked, leading off with fresh berry kinds, and giving it up when he reached 50.

Mr. and Mrs. Costain are to be in Toronto during Book Week, when Mr. Costain will be guest speaker on St. Patrick's Day at the third Smith's Literary Luncheon. Both are Canadians; he born in Brantford, she in Guelph. We do not know if the sour milk doughnut recipe comes from Mrs. Costain's side of the family or from his, but we do know she was a well-known singer (Ida Spragge) before her marriage and that she is now very interested in painting, especially in oils.

Sour Milk Doughnuts

Here is Mrs. Costain's recipe for her husband's favorite doughnuts:

1 cup sugar
½ cup butter
¾ cup sour milk
2 eggs
1 tsp. soda dissolved in small quantity of water
pinch of salt and cinnamon
3 cups flour, adding a little more if mixture is too soft to roll out.

Cream sugar and butter. Add eggs and milk, soda, salt and cinnamon. Sift in the flour and roll out, cutting with a round cutter. Fry in deep fat and then coat with icing sugar.

•

Don't Be Thoughtless!

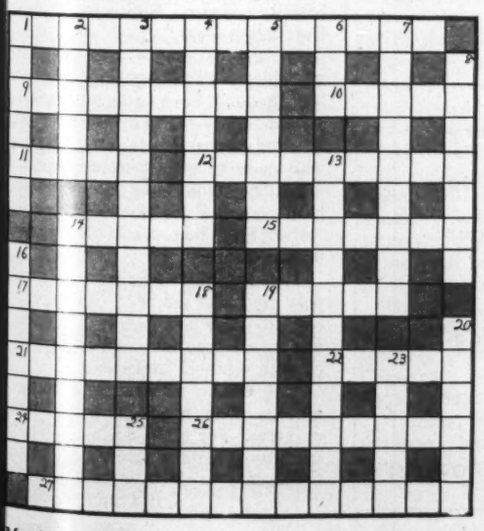
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Starting from scratch, perhaps. (5, 9)
9. To be the recipient of this, one must borrow and rent, it appears. (4, 5)
10. How a "Bride" of Walter Scott appeared in Italian opera. (5)
11. Mouldy inheritance of those who appear to have the qualities of Moses or a lamb? (5)
12. Behold a chicken with a smile, or was it a swan? (9)
14. Dentists obliterate its impressions. (5)
15. The wedding of the bride and gloom, perhaps. (7)
17. When in an abscess, take sulfa to get it in proper shape. (7)
19. She's the girl to ring! (5)
21. If too tight, shove Rose into them. (9)
22. Just the opposite of a brief physical training for Indians? (5)
24. I bit a drumstick. (5)
26. But what this driver does is not cricket! (3, 3, 3)
27. In which the actor reels, perhaps, but seldom without shorts. (7, 7)

DOWN

1. One who becomes its fan will get what sounds like ptomaine after it. (6)
2. He has it by being won over to start with. (5)
3. Lumped his in a new arrangement in the garden? (11)
4. Delivered by the Pythia from a temple in 3. (7)
5. One will, of course, see the solution in this. (7)
6. There's nothing like it! (3)
7. Back in car, a guard loses the road in the country. (9)
8. Out of training? (7)
13. One went over to a friendship that didn't call for love and kisses. (3-8)
14. I'm blessed if the old hyprocrite didn't. (9)
16. "The greatest . . . . . of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise. (Ruskin). (7)
18. One more would give you this one. (7)
19. You may resemble a Laplander when the . . . . . s suddenly. (3, 4)
20. Conducted by a translator of dead languages? Who gives a rap anyway! (6)
23. Lie like a trooper in an outpost. (5)
25. Stern father? Her departure turned his head. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Scared to death
9. Ominous
10. Lurking
12. Skitter
13. Gestapo
14. Pigheaded
16. Burst
17. Medal
19. Commander
22. Leaflet
24. Copy cat
26. Shudder
27. Earlier
28. Haunted houses

DOWN

2. Ceiling
3. Roost
4. Desired
5. Obliged
6. Earls
7. Thin air
8. Goose pimples
11. Ghost writers
15. Eri
16. Boa
18. Dracula
19. Coterie
20. Macbeth
21. Ductile
23. Laden
25. Perdu (252)

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Beauty

FASHION continues to have a pink hue, with the rose inspiring every couturier, in color, design or motif. Especially now that Mrs. Eisenhower has officially named pink as her favorite color; thus launching "First Lady Pink".

"But can I wear pink?" you ask. The answer is an emphatic "Yes." To get the effect of pink as applied to you, just hold a length of pink veiling over your face and *Voila!* the look is softer, younger, fresher. Such is the power of pink.

Consider the other spring colors and you will realize that pink is an accessory complement for most of them. Pussywillow Grey is lovely worn with delicate blush-pink rouge, rosy lipstick and just a suggestion of soft blue, green or grey eyeshadow to accent the color of your eyes.

Springtime navy forms a perfect foil for a pink rose necklace or rose-toned gilet to accessorize and pick up a pink-toned make-up.

Black with rose accents has always been an excellent choice. Every woman knows the coquetry of roses with black lace. It is the oldest and most effective of wiles. Coppery Pink with browns and greens is a smart combination for the woman with golden undertones in her skin.

In keeping with the vogue for roses and rose-tones, hosiery colors come in such shades as the "Ashes of Roses" by Orient. This is a soft, almost skin tone, designed to wear with Spring and Summer pastels. Mercury Mills offers an intriguing shadow-striped box, bedecked with roses and holding hosiery with the lovely names of Wildrose, Honeysuckle, Hyacinth, Peach Blossom. Many other hosiery houses are following their lead.

Pink is a fashion chameleon. Most of the cosmetic houses have their own particular color names. Elizabeth Arden calls hers Pink Perfection and Pink Perfection Plus, for light and deep hues of the same shade. It is her first make-up color in two years.

Generally speaking the pink tones fall into the following color groups, in clothes, accessories and make-up:

The pink of the wild rose—almost shell-toned, a flattering tribute to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and Coronation Year.

The definite pinks—in the category of Schiaparelli's "Shocking" pink, vibrant, young, born to face the sun.

"Vin Rose"—duskily sophisticated, a warm damask shade for the woman who dares to be a little different.

Watteau pinks—the Dresden Shepherdess tone, for the woman with "Silver Fox" hair, a soft glowing flattering pink.

Talisman pinks—tinged with a coppery gold, like the heart of a talisman rose, to wear with browns or greens, and to enhance the coloring of women with southern undertones.

Pink Lilac—to wear with Spring's mauves, with hyacinth, purple-blues, or greys. For make-up, a blush-pink undertoned with mauve, to add an air of delicacy to the complexion.

BEATRICE SEYMOUR

Lighter Side

Our Pageants and the Issues

"YOU still reading the morning paper?" Miss A. said. "Heavens, I've been up for hours."

I put the paper down. "I was reading about the Fashion Festival," I said. "The narrow outlook. The clutch jacket. The whistle-slim skirt. The willowy wand of femininity you've always longed to be. The gentle silhouette of spring."

"Don't you ever read anything but the back page?" Miss A said. She picked up the paper and leafed it over. "Look what's in it this morning. The Metropolitan Plan issue. The Fluoridation issue. The Free Speech issue. The CNE Grandstand show issue. Heavens, when I think of the grandstand issue I fairly bristle."

"Don't bristle," I said. "The bristling line is out. Follow the new and gentle silhouette of the springtime season."

"Rubbish," Miss A. said, and sat down, looking flushed and indignant. "Why should we import Bob Hope for the grandstand show," she demanded, "when the whole field of Canadian pageantry is open to us? Why can't we have a whole series of tableaux dramatizing issues of vital importance to our people?"

I considered. "The Fluoridation issue?" I asked.

"Not necessarily," Miss A. said impatiently. "You can't very well make anything dramatic of that. I mean, people aren't coming from all over the world just to see something that looks like the hotel lobby display at the Annual Meeting of the Canadian Dental Association."

"They might work it up into some sort of pageant," I said, "with a popular figure representing the Spirit of Oral Hygiene."

"Who?" Miss A. asked.

"Bob Hope for instance," I said unthinkingly, and added quickly, "no, he's Irium, isn't he? Look, how about a grandstand pageant dramatizing the new Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto plan? There'd be floats and a central pageant with some talented person to symbolize the Greater Metropolitan Area. How about Kate Smith?"

"THERE you are!" Miss A. cried. "More imported American talent! And I suppose that for bit parts like the absorbed suburban areas you'd use our native Canadian artists. Haven't you any better ideas than that?"

I said that as long as they had plenty of bands, floats, costumes, and pretty girls in bathing suits, it didn't really matter much what the pageant was about. "With the right staging they could probably make a pageant of the Cummings Report or the Currie Report, or even the coming Kinsey Report," I said. "In the latter case, if they wanted a celebrated central figure, they could invite Miss Marilyn Monroe."

Fortunately, Miss A. wasn't listening. She was thoughtful a moment, then she said vigorously, "I don't in the least agree that the subject of a pageant is unimportant. It's *most* important. It should be educational and enlightening as well as entertaining. It should represent not only what people are interested in but what they *ought* to be interested in."

"Like what?" I asked. "Like President Eisenhower's decision to withdraw the Seventh Fleet from Formosa?"

"Why not?" Miss A. asked.

"Well, it would be awfully hard to stage, for one thing," I pointed out.

"I'm sure that a director of imagination and talent would find some way of presenting the issue dramatically," Miss A. said.

I considered. "You mean, like bringing in the Seventh Fleet and anchoring it off Sunnyside?" I asked.

"Certainly not," Miss A. said crossly, "that would just be more imported American talent."

SHE got up. "In any case, something will have to be done," she said. "The public is now aroused and ready to make an issue of it."

I said it was easier to make an issue of the grandstand show than to make a grandstand show about an issue. "Pageants really have to build around the abstractions," I pointed out, "like Justice, Empire, Peace, etc."

"How would you build a pageant around Peace these days?" Miss A. asked skeptically.

I said it would probably be very tricky. "You can't dress up your central symbolic figure in cheesecloth and wired wings any more," I said. "Unfortunately Peace at the present time would probably have to be represented by someone wearing ecclesiastical gaiters, someone who could represent as dramatically as possible pious good intentions combined with a saintly vacuity of mind."

Miss A. stared at me aghast. "Do you actually mean you would be in favor of featuring the Red Dean of Canterbury at the CNE Grandstand Show?" she said.

"I mean," I said, "that there are lots worse things than imported American talent."

MARY LOWREY ROSS

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SM-52-SL

The Backward Glance

20 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

WE HAVE NEVER been able to agree with the economists when they say that the Great Depression of the thirties ended about 1937. As far as we personally are concerned it ran on and on until it bumped into World War II. However, we agree with the economists, and almost everybody else, that the *worst* year of the Depression was 1933. The issue of SATURDAY NIGHT for March 11 of that year takes us back to a period in our lives that we can afford to forget today, but in those days we couldn't afford much beyond the odd 25c dance at the Knights of Columbus Hall and a package of Ogden's Fine-Cut (the cigarette papers were free).

In its issue of twenty years ago SATURDAY NIGHT almost managed to ignore the Depression; no small feat of journalistic side-stepping at the time. Its financial feature was titled "The Case Against Silver," although, if memory serves, nobody had anything against it then but its scarcity. The only Depression photograph carried in the issue was one showing the half-completed hull of a gigantic ship that had been slowly rusting on the ways for fifteen months in John Brown and Company's shipyard at Clydebank. A hue and cry was being raised in Great Britain that "No. 534", as she was then known, should be completed, both from the viewpoint of national pride and to relieve unemployment. That she was finally finished and launched is a matter of history, and she is known today as the *Queen Mary*.

The two most popular pastimes of the hungry thirties were cheap parlor games and the search for economic palliatives. Both were mentioned in SATURDAY NIGHT—but can anybody tell us whatever happened to Technocracy and the Jig-Saw Puzzle?

An item in the Front Page stirred the stew that was boiling at the time about cocktail drinking by church members. SATURDAY NIGHT, in the manner of a disenchanted Emily Post, said: "The proper line of conduct under the circumstances is perfectly clear; it is to throw the cocktail drinkers out of the churches." And then it threw a verbal punch itself at the non-drinking members of the church congregations by adding: ". . . the belief that the main object of a church is to bring about prohibition is not universally held. The Early Christian Fathers would have been immensely surprised at any such idea."

The London Letter disclosed that the members of the Oxford Union had declared, "This House will in no circumstances fight for King and Country." Seven years later many of these same young men were flying their Hurricane fighters against the Luftwaffe.

There were no liquor or beer ads in the SATURDAY NIGHT of 1933, and the tonic testimonials had given way to free samples of Silvo and Handi-Tape. The Buick car was still called a "McLaughlin-Buick" in Canada, and Player's Navy Cut cigarettes were still a big seller. You could enjoy a ten-day all-expense trip to Bermuda for $118.50 and buy a Cine-Kodak Eight movie camera for $39.50. Fresh yeast was a remedy for pimples and Scott's Emulsion began its ad with the funereal words, "In These Trying Times." Cunard-Anchor Donaldson advertised trips to Europe on the *Aquitania, Cameronia, Alaunia, Aurania, Caledonia, Scythia, Samaria, Ausonia* and *Franconia*. These ships were destined to sail hazardous courses during the war, and some of them were sunk as transports and auxiliary cruisers, far from their peacetime Atlantic runs.

Mary Lowrey Ross in her movie column reviewed *State Fair*, starring Will Rogers and Janet Gaynor, and *The King's Vacation*, featuring George Arliss. Of the latter she said, ". . . Mr. Arliss' pictures . . . are strictly high-toned, and are at the same time popular and dignified, and they seem to last an awfully long time."

In the social section, Adele M. Gianelli reported, "There was no sign of depression at the Trinity College School reunion."

A writer using the *nom de plume* "Suzette" in a piece of culinary chit-chat titled, "For The Carnivorous" says, "Do you know that sad look that women get as they stand at the meat counter? . . . it just means that already this week they have had steaks, chops, veal cutlet and a roast of beef." All we can add is that they must have lived in a different neighborhood than we did in 1933.

THE CAT *And The Fiddle* was playing at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, and people were singing hit songs from the show such as *The Night Was Made For Love, She Didn't Say Yes*, and *Try To Forget*. A tenor named Edward Johnson was appearing at Eaton Auditorium, and T. A. Reed was entertaining an audience with an illustrated lecture on "Toronto of Old," admittance by silver collection. At Shea's vaudeville theatre "The Ingenues Girls' Orchestra" and Ann Seymour were appearing on the stage, and at the Imperial movie house Mae West swayed across the screen in *She Done Him Wrong* — a title that ruined teen-age grammar for years.

The Bookshelf reviewed *Texts and Pretexts* by Aldous Huxley, *The Oxford Companion To English Literature*, edited by Sir Paul Harvey, and *The Sea Witch* by Alexander Laing. There were books scheduled by authors George Jean Nathan, Walter de la Mare, Harold Bell Wright, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Dorothy Canfield.

Albert Halper, later to be charged with membership in the Communist Party, had a first novel, *Union Square*, on the way, and William Guy Carr, a Toronto *Star* reporter, had written *Hell's Angels Of The Deep*.

E. C. Buchanan, SATURDAY NIGHT's Ottawa correspondent, was resigning to become Director of Public Relations for the Radio Commission of Canada. (This Commission, incidently, seemed to favor SATURDAY NIGHT editors and writers.) He had the following to say in farewell: "The requisite for success as a staff writer for this paper is not the possesion of any particular set of views, and still less the ability to write anybody else's views to order. It is rather the possession of a certain type of mind—free, alert, critical, but always controlled by a fund of wide and well-marshalled knowledge." To this, in all humility, we say, "Amen."

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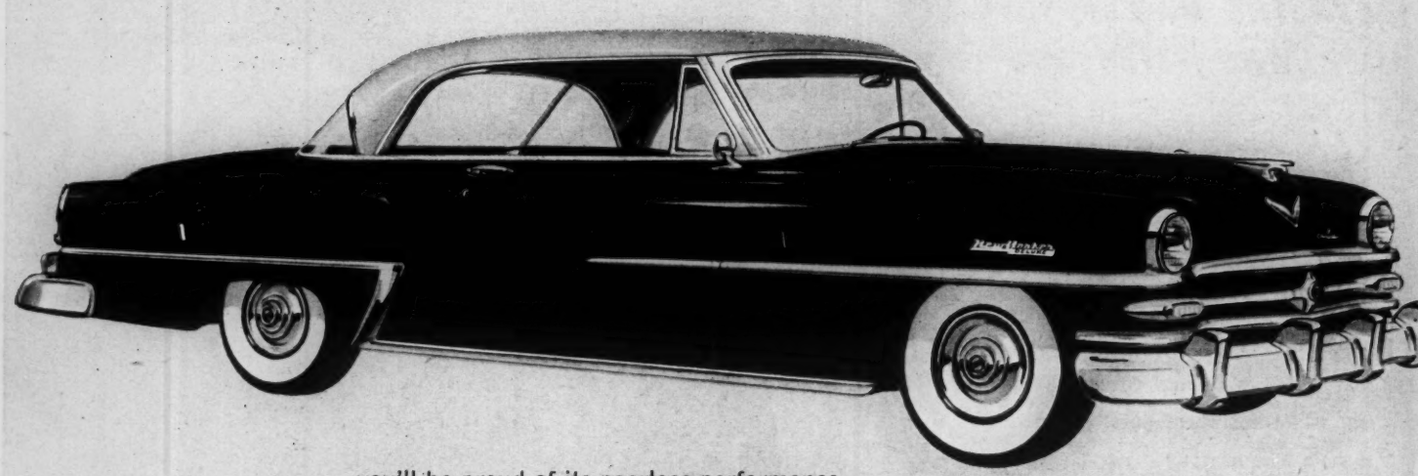

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